

Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.

October 6, 1965

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

OCTOBER 6, 1965

Vol. 33, No. 19

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Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4068WV, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 402P, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 34-36 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 386A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 481G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

Printed by Compress Printing Ltd., of 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney, at 61-63 O'Riordan St., Alexandria, for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., of 168-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

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WORTH REPORTING

WHILE the winner of last year's Royal Show Girl Contest is still enjoying her prize of a world trip, members of the Agricultural Societies' Council throughout N.S.W. are busy organising this year's competition.

Roslyn Sylvester, of Singleton, who was selected as Royal Show Girl from more than 1000 entrants, left Australia in June with her mother.

The prize of two round-the-world Qantas V-Jet tickets has taken them to more than a dozen countries, from Hong Kong to England.

Roslyn is enjoying special advantages in addition to the £750 travelling expenses that

Songs from Peru

PERUVIAN folksongs are an unusual item on a concert program, and Peruvian tenor Luigi Alva is probably the only internationally acclaimed singer to include them in his repertoire.

Here for a ten-week, six-State tour for the ABC, Senor Alva explained, "These songs are folk arias. The themes from the songs are put together by composers."

His Italian wife joined him in Sydney a week or so after his arrival. She had been delayed by recovery from a broken heel received in a traffic accident.

Their home is in Barlassina, near Milan. While they travel the world for about ten months of the year, their two sons, aged 8 and 6, are cared for by Senora Alva's mother.

Senora Alva's only connection with the musical world is her husband, he explained.

"We met through friends, she wasn't a fan. But now she is a good fan — more or less!"

Senor Alva recalled singing with Joan Sutherland overseas. But he doubted that he would be going to any of the operas here.

For him there's only social pleasure in going to opera. As he put it, "To say hello to friends."



● Roslyn Sylvester

are part of the prize, for she is invited to many functions as an Australian representative.

The Sylvesters spent three days at the Royal Show in Warwickshire, as guests of the RAS of England — "like a large country show at home," said Roslyn.

Ascot, Wimbledon, the Royal Windsor Polo Cup final, a garden party at Buckingham Palace (the Queen spoke with them), and a series of country shows kept them busy in England.

They will return later this year via New York-San Francisco-Honolulu.

The Australian Women's Weekly, the Daily Telegraph, the Sunday Telegraph, and TCN9 are sponsors of the Royal Show Girl Contest.

Single girls aged between 17 and 23 are eligible. Entrants must be nominated by an affiliated member of the Agricultural Societies' Council of N.S.W.

OUR COVER

● The gorgeous floral fantasy worn by Sydney model Rosalie Wattel was designed and arranged by hairstylist Alexander, of Sydney. The flowers, hand-made in silk, are the motif of his new Regency collection for summer (see pages 8 and 9). Pictures of the hairstyles are by David Hewison.



● Painter Jeffrey Smart at work abroad.

Washaway in Rome

SYDNEY painter Jeffrey Smart took off happily from Rome to spend the European summer painting on the island of Majorca. He didn't count on the flooded Tiber that swept away his rented house in Rome.

Fortunately, before he left Rome he arranged for a collection of his paintings to be shipped to Australia, where they will be shown at the Macquarie Galleries in Sydney, beginning on September 29.

The paintings are from a series the artist began on the Greek island of Skyros, where he stayed with two other Australian painters, Justin O'Brien and Brian Dunlop.

Other Greek-inspired paintings were shown in April at Galleria 88, one of Rome's biggest galleries.

Now back in Rome, Mr Smart is preparing for show early next year in London and Paris.



● Visiting singer Luigi Alva with his wife, Anna Maria, and sons, Juanito and Pedro.

FOLK-MUSIC enthusiasts can now take a "folk" holiday in the Ozark mountains of Arkansas, U.S.A.

The "hillbillies" are opening their farms and ranches to tourists, offering country holidays at a low price: about £18 a week for adults and £10 for children.

Most American folk music has its roots in this area, and the old songs of Scotland and England in the days when the U.S. was first settled were preserved in these isolated mountains.

Guests can hunt duck, quail, rabbit, squirrel, and deer, ride horseback, fish for trout, swim in mountain streams, canoe, and — of course — listen to authentic folk music. A wail of a tune in fact.

£5000 suite for Marlene

—for 14 days

Glamor star's pink and champagne haven

AN elegant and luxurious suite is awaiting Marlene Dietrich in Sydney — she will be the first star to grace the Australia Hotel's newly decorated celebrity suite.

The superbly furnished rooms cost £5000 to renovate, and the suite will be rented for 25 guineas a day.

Until a few months ago, the suite was occupied by one of the hotel's permanent residents, the late Mrs. Beatrice McCaughey, who lived there for 38 years.

Mrs. McCaughey had completely furnished it with her own antique furniture, so everything now in the suite is new.

"We designed the suite with the VIP in mind, to give it an international atmosphere," said David Lorimer, of Decor Associates, Edgecliff, N.S.W.

The redecoration took two months' intensive work.

The suite is on the seventh

floor, facing east. It consists of entrance hall, living-room, kitchen-bar, and large coat closet, separated by a dividing door from the bathroom, walk-in closet, and spacious bedroom.

A long sunroom runs the length of the suite, with high arches opening into the living-room and bedroom.

The most expensive single item was the specially imported American nylon carpet, in tones of champagne-beige and pearl-green. Covering the bedroom, living-room, and passage floors with it cost £683/10/-.

The bathroom floor is covered with a £50 white nylon carpet.

The two velvet-upholstered settees on either side of the fireplace cost £379/2/-, and the lamp bases beside them cost a startling £85/10/- for the pair — plus £20 for the two shades.

Japanese grass wallpaper is used throughout the suite: peppermint-pink in the small entrance hall, beige in

the living-room, and slightly paler beige in the bedroom.

Meals will be served on Royal Doulton "Fairfax" pattern bone china.

Although the management hasn't named the suite yet, it's odds-on the staff will continue to call it The Dietrich Suite.

Marlene Dietrich's contract for her Australian tour takes seven single-spaced quarto pages instead of the more usual two or three. This is largely because of her swansdown coat:

- There must be special hanging space in her dressing-room to take the coat and its train.

- The stage must be thoroughly washed and scrubbed before every performance. (Once in Paris she swept the stage herself because she didn't think it clean enough.)

- The stage must be covered with dark linoleum. No carpet. Swansdown will glide smoothly over lino.

Also, the dressing-room must be carpeted and a carpet-runner laid between it and the stage; no steps between dressing-room and stage.

Marlene Dietrich is a perfectionist.

She is so meticulous about her clothes that a fitter in one of the Paris couture houses said she was "almost a nuisance."

She knows all about the stage lighting and acoustics and tells theatre hands what she wants.

For her Australian appearances she has stipulated three four-hour music rehearsals and two three-hour lighting rehearsals.

A car and a driver must be at her constant disposal.

In addition to her three personal musicians, the management must supply an orchestra of 17 first-class musicians. None of these can be changed during the season unless it is an absolute emergency.

She is bringing her own microphone.

There will be no charity or social appearances until after her show has opened, and between times she will rest "in a quiet suite at a first-class hotel."

And after the show each night, a glass of champagne. This is a ritual.

But in spite of a formidable list of dos and don'ts, the fabulous Marlene emerges as a warm and friendly, if shy, human being.

Marcelle Poirier, of our Paris staff, says:

Before leaving for Australia, at the end of September, Miss Dietrich was spending a week in Paris for



SITTING-ROOM: All the suite's furniture is custom-made—even these glass and brass tables. An ash writing desk and chair, not shown in this picture, are against the wall facing the fireplace.

fittings for her wardrobe for Australia.

Off stage she is interested only in her family and a small group of friends.

Her daughter, Maria, who is married to an American of Italian extraction, Bill Riva, has four sons, the eldest 16.

Marlene is on good terms with her husband, from whom she has long been separated. She phones him constantly.

She loves to entertain, and is a marvellous cook and story-teller.

She can eat what she likes and never gain an ounce; never bothers with massage or beauty treatments; washes and sets her hair, parks for herself, and does her own secretarial work. She also likes to sew.

She studies every contract carefully before she signs it.

Her stamina is legendary. After going to bed at 5 a.m. she will be up a few hours later, looking like a dream.

Dietrich's Melbourne season will be at the Princess Theatre, Oct. 7-23; her Sydney season at the Theatre Royal, Oct. 28-Nov. 13.



SUNROOM (above) in Philippines cane and BEDROOM (below) with pickled ash furniture.



Dietrich in her swansdown coat

The coat has special clauses in her contract for its storage and cherishing.



THE STAR RUBY CAPER

By ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff

● From the east came the Star, followed by the Three Wise Men. As the Star moved toward Bethlehem it threw off sparks. These fell each to earth, and each turned into a star stone—a star sapphire or ruby—of perfect beauty and brilliance. Therefore, says the legend, blessed be he who possesses a star stone, for he shall enjoy good fortune during his lifetime. And so it happened that Three Foolish Young Men, in quest of a fortune, came to New York from their far-off strand of Miami Beach. Which ends all resemblance to legend, and begins the story of The Star Ruby Caper.



DE LONG STAR RUBY

THE Three Foolish Young Men who helped themselves to three star gems from the Museum of Natural History found not good fortune (promised by the legend), but prison terms of three years each at Sing Sing prison, up the well-known river.

Perhaps their good fortune was in not getting 20 years.

Yet their story has some aspects of a film script—it was absolutely fabulous, from the caper itself to the denouement recently, when the last of the stones, the 109.3-carat De Long Star ruby, was returned after a ransom of 25,000 dollars (about £A11,225) mysteriously changed hands.

Actually, the theft last October of three of the world's most precious stones—the 563-carat Star of India sapphire, the De Long Star ruby, and the 116.75-carat Midnight Star sapphire would never do for a film scenario "Riff" style. It was too easy.

The three acrobatic Miami men, adepts of scuba and surfboard, lowered themselves by rope through a fourth-floor window of New York's American Museum of Natural History during the night of October 29, 1964.



THIS IS THE HOUSE (above) the gems were stolen from—Museum of Natural History, New York.

THIS IS THE WAY (right) they got into the building. Easy. (The window they used is arrowed.)

A "cockatoo" used a walkie-talkie radio.

In the darkened Hall of Minerals, they set to work with glass cutters.

At first they worked quietly, taping the glass to prevent shattering. Then, losing patience, they just smashed away. Their fingerprints were all over the place.

Scooping up the loot—the three major stones, plus 20 other recognizable gems (they ignored other cases containing small, marketable diamonds)—they beat their retreat undetected.

The theft was discovered next morning, when the museum opened to the public. Questions were asked:

● Where were the burglar alarms?

Disconnected years before for economy reasons.

● What about the overnight guard?

Wiped out in the last city budget, museum officials mumbled.

The security division reckoned that no professional thief in his right mind would try to steal the gems. They would take it for granted that burglar alarms were stretched across the room, that sharp-eyed guards marched on everlasting alert, and that at the very least the windows were locked.

(Windows in the Hall were kept open two inches at the top for ventilation. The museum is not air-conditioned.)

The trio had got away clean! It was champagne all round, and girls—and tales of derring-do—and... here, have a peep in this bag!

So 48 hours later, police took into custody three hung-over skindivers named Jack ("Murph the Surf") Murphy, Allen Dale Kuhn, and Roger Clark.

As for the jewels, they had made an early flight to Miami, via an unwitting girl courier.

Nominally worth 400,000



SUICIDE "Murph the Surf's" common-law wife, who told him, "Let me do this last service for you."

dollars (about £A180,000), the three major stones are actually priceless, uninsurable, and certainly unsalable.

Star stones do not lend themselves to sectioning, as they lose their distinctive six-rayed star in the operation. Star stones are never faceted but are always cut in a domed shape to show this formation.

The Star of India is about the size of a golf ball, about 2 in. in diameter. Its color is deep sky-blue, and it has a star on both sides.

It came from Ceylon, where Tiffany's acquired it for the late J. P. Morgan. The Wall Street tycoon, however, turned it over to the museum in 1901.

The De Long Star ruby, found in Burma during the mid 1930s, was presented to the museum in 1938 by Edith Haggin de Long.

It is about 1 1/2 in. long and 1 in. wide. The color is a translucent milky crimson described as "orchid red." From the centre of the ruby radiates a six-pointed star of wonderful clarity. There is a slight break in one "leg" of the star.

The Midnight Star sapphire, also presented by J. P. Morgan, came, like the Star of India, from Ceylon.

For a time Murph & Co. denied everything to the

police, it was reported. They were briefly set free and returned to Florida, where they were doubtless under surveillance in hopes they would lead police to the gems' hiding place. But no dice.

They were eventually brought back to New York in handcuffs to stand trial. (In the meantime, Bonnie Lou Sutura, Murphy's common-law wife, committed suicide, leaving a note to Murphy that read: "Let me do this last service for you.")

The trio pleaded guilty and their counsel suggested a deal to the District Attorney: If the criminals made restitution, i.e., returned the loot, would he ask the judge to impose a comparatively light sentence of one year?

One of the boys, Allen Kuhn, was promptly let loose and, accompanied by four New York detectives and an assistant D.A., checked into a swank Miami motel.

With a style that Peter Sellers might envy, the six men cruised round Miami bars all night trying to make contact with the jewellery fences.

But what about the F.B.I.? They were trying to hang an arrest warrant on Kuhn for transporting stolen property across State lines. It was the New York cops v. the Feds.

After a lot of chase scenes, mysterious phone calls, and switching cars (to shake off the Feds), most of the jewels were recovered in a bag in a bus-station locker.

The bag was wet. The jewels had been hidden in the sea.

Triumphantly returning to New York, the cops counted the gems. One was still missing—the De Long.

Would the judge go easy? Yes and no. He sent them up for only three out of a possible 20 years.

Well, the De Long ruby was down there somewhere. A mysterious offer filtered in. Was it worth 21,000



THE ROBBERS Allen Kuhn (left) and Jack ("Murph the Surf") Murphy, who, with Roger Clark, stole 23 gems, including three "stars," from a New York museum.

dollars to the museum to get it back?

An unnamed philanthropist was willing to fork over. The District Attorney said yes; the next day, no. He would not be "an instrument in a ransom deal."

It was left for the New York "Daily News," to send a reporter—photographer team to Palm Beach.

There they made contact with the underground, got millionaire John D. MacArthur (assets worth 300 million dollars) to draw 25 G's (the price had gone up) out of the bank, and were told to go to a certain telephone box.

MacArthur's motive? "I wanted to give the poor residents of Palm Beach a look at this thing," he said.

When they got to the telephone box, the phone rang. A voice told newsman William Frederici to reach up. He did—and promptly plucked the ruby from a ledge high up in the box.

NOW all is in order again at the Hall of Minerals. I dropped up there to look at the three gems this week.

They are in a case of inch-thick glass at the hall entrance, spotlighted from overhead.

At night, the case is lowered, by rack and pinion, into a steel safe. Then a sheet of steel is locked into place to seal them in.

Yes, there they were. Three big marbles, doing nothing but twinkling back at me.



THIS IS THE CASE whose glass they broke to steal the gems—and left fingerprints all over.



THESE ARE THE MEN who went to the booth and got the ruby back, William Frederici (left) and Charles MacArthur.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 6, 1965

Billy Wallace's bride will be a farmer's wife

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● Billy Wallace and his fiancée, Miss Elizabeth Hoyer Millar, celebrated their engagement by having a day out at the annual Newbury show.

"I'm not putting my prize herd before you, darling," said Billy to Elizabeth. "You are my first love now."

He added, "And I know you will just love to see my three heifers and two bulls at the show."

"I suppose you are starting me off as you mean me to go on, Billy," said Elizabeth, laughing, "just a farmer's wife."

I was talking to Billy and

Elizabeth at his home, Bagnor Manor, Newbury.

Billy Wallace, the last of the Princess Margaret set to marry, is 37. But life as a country squire has done so much for his health that he doesn't look a day older than the last time I saw him, just over five years ago.

He was then dashing in and out of Clarence House in a state of high excitement, still "old faithful," a young man who was Princess Margaret's closest friend, companion, confidant, escort.

That day the news that the Princess was to marry a photographer had sent the world reeling.

Dear "old faithful" was saying to a few Press people reassuringly, "I know it is going to be all right. They are in love. They are ideally suited."

Now, Billy and Elizabeth Millar seem ideally suited.

Elizabeth, the 32-year-old daughter of Lord Inchyra, is dark-haired, with laughing dark blue eyes and a beautiful deep voice.

I asked Billy Wallace about his health — he has had one operation after another for a kidney complaint he has had all his life.

Look after him

Elizabeth answered for him.

"He is well now and I am going to look after him and make certain he takes better care of himself," she said.

The inveterate partygoer Billy and diplomatic hostess Elizabeth are so wrapped up in each other they seemed unaware some sort of official engagement celebrations were called for.

"Oh, I think we will leave all that to our parents," said Billy.

"I'm quite vague about a big engagement party," said Elizabeth.

The wedding date is not fixed, but it is to be a short engagement and, because Princess Margaret will be the principal guest, it is most likely to be before she and Lord Snowdon leave for

their tour of the west coast of the United States.

After their marriage, Billy and Elizabeth will live at Bagnor Manor, which Billy bought as a 600-year-old ruin and restored to a lovely country house.

"I am not going to touch a thing in this beautiful house," said Elizabeth as we sat in the cinema room, overlooking a patio and swimming-pool.

"It has all been so recently furnished, and I love everything about it."

Lambourne River runs through the grounds, and looking on the swiftly moving stream Elizabeth said, "Billy loves fishing and the river is one of the attractions of this place."

Elizabeth's home is in Perthshire, Scotland, where her father went to live after

his retirement four years ago as Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office.

"As the daughter of a diplomat, I have travelled and lived abroad a great deal," she said.

"I lived in Germany in the post-war years, when my father was British High Commissioner there. Afterwards, when it became a sovereign power, he was Ambassador. I have lived in America and other countries."

Elizabeth's years abroad are one reason she and Billy have not seen a great deal of each other, although they met many years ago and he was at her coming-out dance.

Not a secret

Billy Wallace, the man who kept Princess Margaret's romantic secrets, said he couldn't have kept his own romance a secret.

Among the first people to know of the engagement were Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother.

Billy and Elizabeth talked of the days when the Princess Margaret set kept gossip writers busy. They mentioned the plays put on by young socialites for the Invalid Children's Association, for which Elizabeth has worked at home and abroad for the past ten years.

"I was not in 'The Frog'," said Elizabeth.

That is the play Princess Margaret co-directed.

Turning to Billy, she said, laughing, "When you were the big star in 'Lord and Lady Algy,' you only gave me a potty little role in the back row of the chorus."

"Darling, I must have been blind and stupid," said Billy, "but you have forgiven me now, haven't you?"

We talked again of Billy's prize herd of Herefords.

He stopped in the middle of an enthusiastic description of the pedigree herd and, turning to Elizabeth, said, "But it is your day, darling, let's forget about them."

The local show, however, soon got the better of them.

Saying, "Do let's hurry and see if I've scooped the prizes," Billy took his fiancée away.

It is just five years since Billy Wallace turned his back on Mayfair and life in the city.

He sold the Mayfair house Princess Margaret had helped him decorate and settled on his 360-acre estate.

Both Billy Wallace and his fiancée are rich.

Elizabeth inherited part of a £742,000 sterling fortune left by her grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth van Swinderen, of Washington.

Billy Wallace is the son of Captain Euan Wallace, a former Minister of Transport, who died in 1951, leaving £500,000.

Captain Wallace had five sons. Three were killed in the war and the fourth died, leaving Billy the sole heir.

His mother later married American author Herbert Agar.

Elizabeth has two brothers, Robin, 30, and Alastair, with whom she shares a flat in Kensington, London. A younger sister, Anabel, 22, lives with her parents in Scotland and in their Belgravia (London) home.

As a country squire, Billy is interested in local charities for the aged, blind, and poor, an interest Elizabeth no doubt will share.



● Billy Wallace, Princess Margaret's "old faithful" friend, and Miss Elizabeth Hoyer Millar, elder daughter of Lord Inchyra. He is 37; she is 32.



● Bygone days. Above, in 1951, Princess Margaret presents a cup to Billy after his polo team won a match at Cowdray Park, Sussex. Picture was taken just before the Princess's 21st birthday.



● Bagnor Manor (right), Billy Wallace's mansion in Berkshire. This picture was taken in 1960, as workmen started an 18-month job of restoring the 600-year-old house.

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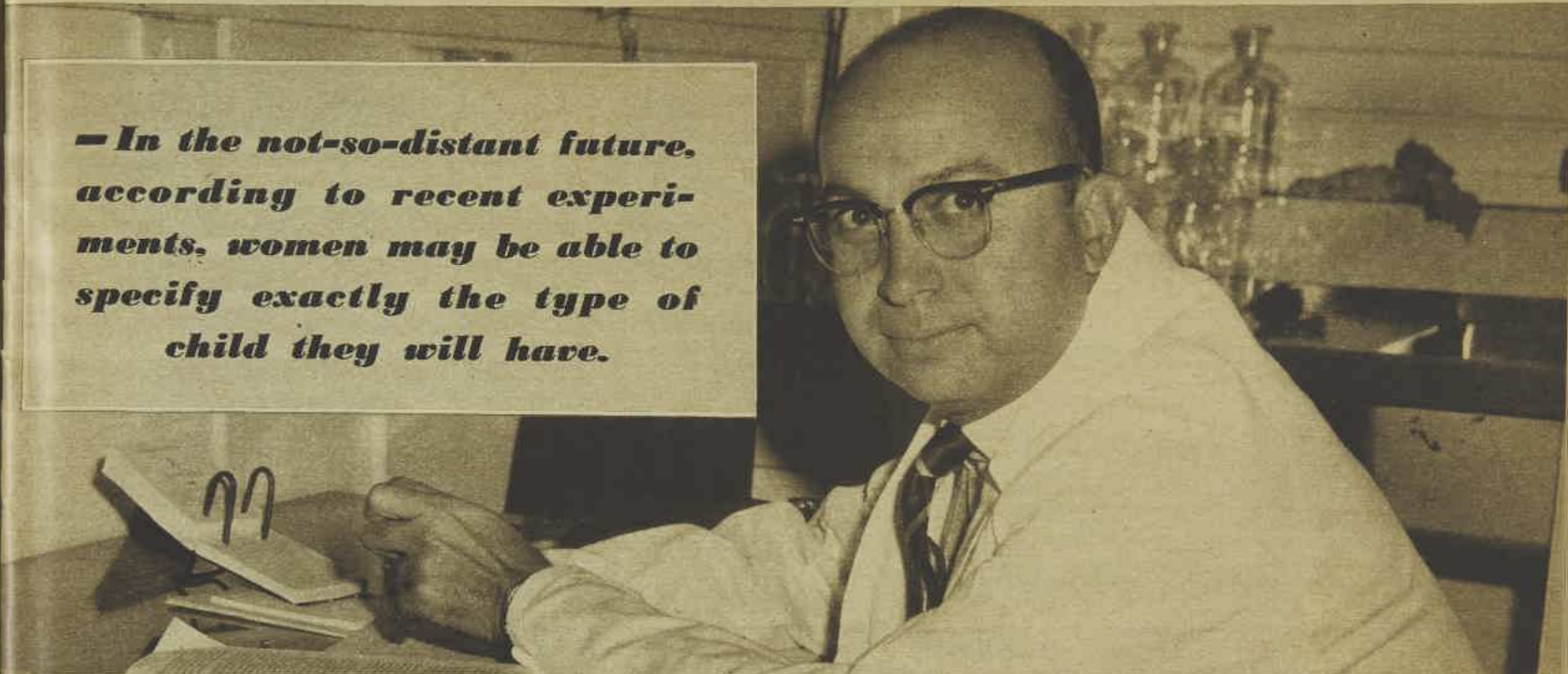
When you're on a good thing . . . stick to it!



ST91843

Mothers may be able to "order" babies that are blond-haired

- In the not-so-distant future, according to recent experiments, women may be able to specify exactly the type of child they will have.



● Australian sheep are currently "guinea pigs" for an exciting research project that could result in an improved method of fertility control: an injection able to promote or prevent conception for "a prolonged and definite period."

THE injection would work "for six months, a year, whatever" by changing the balance of enzymes within the uterus, explained Dr. Saad Hafez, who is spending a year's leave from Washington State University, U.S.A., working in fertility research at the University of Sydney.

"I am studying the enzymes of the uterus. Every part of the body has a series of known and unknown enzymes to co-ordinate the activities of the cells," the doctor said.

(An enzyme is defined by the Oxford English Dictionary as: "Any of a class of complex organic substances that cause chemical transformations of material in plants and animals.")

"This research will help explain some of the physiological mechanisms involved in fertility and sterility, since a case of infertility may be due to an enzyme disturbance at the onset of pregnancy," he said.

While a natural imbalance could be corrected to make conception possible, Dr. Hafez explained that, on the other hand, an administered drug could imbalance the enzyme system within the uterus, making conception

impossible for the period of the drug's effect.

Educated in Switzerland, he began his scientific career at Cambridge, where he received his Ph.D. in physiology. He did post-doctoral studies in America and Europe.

Sitting at the desk in his laboratory, Dr. Hafez calmly reeled off a string of conversation-stoppers:

● "We can make a ewe produce up to a maximum of 150 embryos at once. But you cannot let them go to

Dr. Hafez held up a tiny flask, about half an inch across and three inches long:

"This could hold 400 embryos. Sheep, human, or elephant — they're all approximately the same size."

By JUDE AINSWORTH

"I'm interested primarily in sheep. I came to the right place for that, but at the wrong time — during the drought!

apply to sending man to another planet.

"When you consider how much it costs in fuel to lift every pound off the launch pad, why send full-grown men and women aboard spaceships?

"If you have a recipient there, to save fuel in inter-planetary flight, you can send embryos in a thermos. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration is interested in such a thing."

Dr. Hafez explained that while the embryos would grow somewhat during the flight up to three months' growth outside the womb need not affect development.

Woman recipients would be necessary on the planet to be colonized.

As for artificial or mechanical wombs, "I don't believe that this will ever happen," he said.

On a slightly more down-to-earth level, this research could also relate to the cause of congenital abnormalities and spontaneous multiple births.

After years of experience in controlling animal breeding, Dr. Hafez described the possibility of selective human breeding as physically workable, but unlikely.

"This is to marry a woman genius to a man genius, regardless of love or sex

Earth embryos may colonise a planet

full term. We do embryonic transfers — this is a very simple thing, we teach it in class."

● "In a meeting just before I left the States I heard that at a U.S. medical school doctors have been removing human eggs very successfully from women who are being operated on for cancer of the uterus."

● "Present drugs can stimulate a woman to superovulation — up to 50 embryos."

● "In probably 50 years or so, women will be able to specify blue eyes or blond hair in a baby, a Swedish baby or a Swiss. Perhaps later the embryos will be available in the super-markets!"

"No, I'm just kidding! We have plenty of sheep for our work."

Dr. Hafez's current research is being carried out in co-operation with Dr. I. G. White, Dr. B. J. Restall, and Dr. R. G. Wales, of the University of Sydney.

He said, "I observe the uterus in pregnant ewes at different stages, and under different conditions, and try to change the conditions of the uterus by several treatments to make her have twins or triplets."

"We import sheep embryos, from England for example, inside a live rabbit or in a vial, and transplant them into ewes here."

"The same thing may

DR. HAFEZ at Sydney University. He and Mrs. Hafez and their three children are living at Wahroonga, N.S.W.

LECTURES ON HOME PLANNING

● Laurin Magee, home-planning authority from Washington, U.S.A., will lecture during October and November in four States on "How to Live With a House."



MISS MAGEE

HER tour is sponsored by the Australian Women's Weekly, British Paints Limited, and the Australian gas industry.

The small admission charge for the lectures will go to Legacy.

Dates of Miss Magee's lectures are —

Melbourne: October 21, Melbourne Town Hall, 10 a.m. and 2 p.m.

Adelaide: October 26 and 27, Adelaide Town Hall, 1.30 p.m.

Brisbane: October 29, Brisbane City Hall, 10 a.m.

Sydney: November 1 and 3, Sydney Town Hall, 10 a.m.

appeal, on the basis of research into their genetic make-up," Dr. Hafez said, adding that Hitler wanted scientists "to do such a crazy thing — create a master race."

Dr. Hafez is the author of about 170 scientific publications, including several textbooks. His past fertility research has included studies of the effect of light on the breeding season of sheep, stimulating multiple births in cattle, and "talking" to calves.

"I made sonograms (graphs of the sound waves) of some of the talking between mother and young calves in different situations."

"We could identify identical twins from fraternal twins by their sonograms."

"Whether their 'voices' are identical or not depends also on whether they are living under identical conditions."

"If from birth we put them in with sheep, they don't learn the voice of a sheep, they stay quiet. They don't say 'boo.'"

New hairdos make you



● This flowery garland of evening looks is part of the Regency collection designed by hairstylist Alexander. The upflung style (left) illustrates the eye-catching form of twists, twirls, and wisps of hair. Centre: Hair is swirled in bouffant shape which leaves the forehead bare and eartips showing. Right: Wispy ends of this version just clear an eyebrow. Lily of the valley, roses, hibiscus, poppies, and anemones are the flourishes used to crown the hair collection. These styles are feasible for hair of all textures and can be modified for curly and straight locks alike.

BLOSSOMING into fashion is a whole new collection of pretty summer coiffures decorated for gala evenings with exquisite and colorful hand-made silk flowers.

The flowers are meant to hold, with immense charm, the latest Regency-inspired hairline from Paris, as interpreted by hairstylist Alexander, of Double Bay.

For evening, this means not only a truly glamor look but the

continuing use of hairpieces and, in some cases, a splendid way to make the most of hair partings that need a helping hand.

And what lovelier ornament could a woman wear above bare shoulders and long skirts?

The basic hairdo can be adapted, Alexander says, to almost any type of face, and is perfect for summer.

It is short (but also takes a longer length), small, and simple, with some fullness on the crown, the forward movement toward the face often broken with little wisps on the forehead and cheeks.



● Full-skirt look (left), achieved with an added hairpiece, dips and turns to form a feminine style that flicks up on to one temple.

● Height of style (right) carries medium-length hair to a romantic altitude and tosses on a floral bouquet. The brow is covered, the ears revealed.



as pretty as a flower

● Two flowery ways to crown your looks are seen here. One shows demi-long hair that drapes like a swathe of silk; the other accents hair that flicks up and over with full-blown peonies on the low side.





"Isn't it nice to know somebody cares!"

I've had a full and busy life — until these last few years. I never married and there aren't many relatives left who can spare much time for me and my troubles. But like many career women, I've accumulated a few nice little investments and these have been helped along by property I've inherited.

Now, a dear old friend of mine agreed many years ago to look after my estate when the inevitable happens. We'd been friends since childhood and she was always a capable woman. I must admit I was surprised when she came to me the other day almost in tears and pleaded with me to find somebody else to look after my will. She was getting on, too, she said; didn't really feel up to it.

Who indeed can I turn to now, I thought.

I started to realise what was involved — all those formalities and rather frightening responsibilities. Then I remembered — my father had appointed Perpetual Trustee Company of Hunter Street — and they were always most efficient, he used to say.

Well, I rang up and a very courteous officer told me everything I needed to know about making Perpetual my executor and trustee. He also explained that Perpetual could act as my agent if need be, to take care of all those worrying business details that I'm beginning to find so tedious.

I bless the day I found somebody like Perpetual — they really *care* about my business and financial problems — even my tax — both now and when I'm no longer here."

Perpetual Trustee Company Limited, a member of Australia's largest trustee group — Perpetual Trustees Australia Limited — is equipped to handle every problem of estate administration efficiently and sympathetically. If need be, Perpetual can also act as your agent and assume the full burden of your business worries.

Call in for a confidential discussion with a senior officer of the Company . . . or write for informative literature on the services we offer.

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PTA2



ABOVE: Mrs. Beth Churchill (left) and Mrs. Oscar Hilbert at the Opportunity Shop mannequin parade held at the Royal Blind Society to aid the Peter Pan Kindergarten. Mrs. Churchill was among committee members who modelled clothes.

AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Arnott leaving St. Peter's Church, Watson's Bay, after their marriage. The bride was Miss Simone Picenne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Picenne, of Point Piper. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Arnott, of Point Piper. A reception was held at the home of the bride's parents.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

I FOUND such a bright, newsy letter in my mailbag this week from Mrs. Thor Thorvaldson, posted at London Airport just as she and her husband (the Consul for Finland) were boarding the plane for Nice.

The Thorvaldsons (who left Australia in August) were in London for the opening of the Commonwealth Arts Festival and were thrilled at the reception given to the Sydney Symphony Orchestra under Dean Dixon on the evening they heard them, when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were also there.

Australians they met in London included Dr. Coombes, Art Gallery Director Hal Missingham, and Peggy van Praagh, whom they saw one evening at the Savoy Hotel with other members of the Australian Ballet.

Enthusiastic art lovers, the Thorvaldsons visited the Dobell exhibition and also saw the Nolans, Drysdales, and Boyds at the Royal Academy.

In Helsinki they and the George Molnars were entertained at crayfish parties at the height of the crayfish season, and in Brussels they saw the former Belgian Ambassador to Australia, Mr. Willy Stevens, and Mrs. Stevens.

They reminisced, also in Helsinki, with Toivo Kala (who was here as Belgian Charge d'Affaires from 1959-63) and his wife and family, who all said they are longing to come back to Australia.

I BELIEVE that when Lady Casey alighted from the plane in Canberra two days before the swearing-in there was one particular leather satchel which was never very far from her side. The contents? The manuscript of her latest book, "Tides and Eddies," which will be published shortly. Important character in the book is a small black-and-tan dachshund called "Mistr," who shared the Caseys' life and adventures in the Middle East and Bengal. I was also told that Lady Casey took her flying clothes with her to Yarralumla and is eagerly awaiting the arrival of their small plane from Victoria.

THERE was at least one spectator outside Parliament House awaiting the arrival of the Governor-General Designate who wasn't the least bit impressed by the pomp and ceremony — a small brown pekingese dog who barked loudly each time a car pulled up or the band struck up. His mistress finally solved the problem by firmly but gently holding his jaws together while she watched the proceedings.

MOST outstanding outfit at the swearing-in was worn by always-smart Mrs. John Howse, whose cherry silk ensemble had a slim purse to match. Her pillbox hat in exactly the same shade of velvet had two gorgeous full-blown roses at one side.

HECTIC time just now for Mrs. Bruce McWilliam. As soon as her son Peter's marriage with Roslyn Walton on October 7 is over she'll be in the throes of arranging a black-tie dinner dance for more than a hundred of her son Bruce's friends to help him celebrate his 21st birthday on October 23. Guests will dine and dance on the patio beside the McWilliams' new swimming-pool, where Hawaiian flares and walls of bamboo, plus flowers floating in the pool, will give a tropical atmosphere.

GAILY colored outsized paper umbrellas, sent down from Hong Kong, will be scattered through the garden of Mrs. David Brown's home at Penshurst when she holds a luncheon and parade of new spring hats — to be modelled by Mrs. Lewsby Abbott, Mrs. Helmut von Moltke, and Mrs. Gordon Pettit — on September 30. Proceeds will aid a special project of the College of General Practitioners — the redecoration and restoration of its elegant Georgian headquarters, Bligh House, at The Rocks.

ROUND of pre-wedding parties for Heather Smeaton, who weds Stephen Rowntree at The Garrison Church on October 6, include the cocktail party Jane Creighton and Marcia Millane have planned at their Edgecliff flat on September 29, a luncheon the following day at Cremorne to be hosted by Margie Johns and her mother, Mrs. H. Johns, and a bathroom tea which Stephen's sister, Susie, will give at the Edgecliff home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Rowntree, on October 3. Attending Heather will be Jane, Marcia, and Susie, and also Mrs. Tony Yorke, who with her husband recently gave a house and garden dinner for Heather and Stephen.

THERE'LL be lots of country people in town on October 7 for the marriage at St. Stephen's Church, City, of Susan Todd-hunter with Warwick Wild. Susan, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Todd-hunter, of Nyngan, will be attended by her two sisters, Janet and Annabelle, Rosemary Ashton, Diana Green, and Mrs. John Menzies at her all-white wedding. Warwick is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Wild, of "Willow Glen," Tottenham, where he and Susan will make their home.

DATES for your diary . . . "Les Couples Celebres," a fancy dress ball to be given at Menzies Hotel on October 7 by the Alliance Francaise; and the annual Jete of the Lawson Public School on October 9 when the local Country Women's Association will show some lovely old point-lace tatting and embroidery.

—MOLLIE LYONS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 6, 1965

SWEARING-IN OF LORD CASEY



ABOVE: Among senior members of the Diplomatic Corps and their wives who were presented to the Governor-General, Lord Casey, before the reception in the Members' Dining Room, was Mrs. B. N. Tsamissis, wife of the Ambassador for Greece, who is on her left. Next to her in line are the United States Ambassador, Mr. Ed Clark, and Mrs. Clark.



ABOVE: Among the many members of the family who attended the swearing-in ceremony were Lord Casey's nephew, Mr. Gavin Casey, and Mrs. Casey, who came up from Kew, Victoria.



GENERAL SALUTE. Attended by members of the Household Staff, Lord Casey took the General Salute on the steps of Parliament House immediately after his arrival for the swearing-in ceremony in the Senate Chamber. Directly behind him are Lady Casey, the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Menzies, and Dame Pattie Menzies. Crowds waited outside the House from early morning to watch the arrival of guests, who came from all over Australia.



AT LEFT: Colorful national dress was worn by Mrs. Mariano Espeleta, who was photographed on the steps of Parliament House with her husband, the Ambassador for the Philippines.



ABOVE: Mr. W. McMahon, Minister for Labor and National Service, arriving at Parliament House with Mrs. Tom Hughes, wife of the Member for Parkes (centre), and Miss Sonia Hopkins. Lord Casey is Australia's third native-born Governor-General.

AT LEFT: Mrs. Doug Anthony, wife of the Minister for the Interior (left), with Mr. Ian Sinclair, Minister for Social Services, and Mrs. Sinclair at the reception for 550 guests, which was held in the Members' Dining Room.

NEXT WEEK



★ Outdoor living is IN. Think of yourself snoozing gently by a pool or on your shady patio. Ooops, no patio? Then get one! You'll learn the ins and outs with the help of our colorful...

32-page lift-out

OUTDOOR LIVING

It tells you how to get the most benefit from life outdoors: all about awnings (those summer showers!), lighting, furniture, and decorative, useful plants; about barbecues to buy or build — our cookery experts make barbecue meals easy — plus what to wear; it's all there.

And:

"AN ARK OF MY OWN"

... it's the remarkable and fascinating story of famous London veterinary surgeon Buster Lloyd Jones — and his patients, too.

And:

★ An intrepid reporter went miles through caverns and tunnels in a mountain — just to learn

HOW TO BE A CAVEWOMAN

And:

EIGHT GAY SUMMER PATTERNS

— by Butterick

... it's a smart collection for the home dressmaker.



LOST!

I HAD arranged by mail for tickets to Germany to be sent to my London address so that when I finished my tour of Italy I would return to England to pick up the tickets, a change of clothing, and German currency.

My grandfather was German and I wanted to have a good look at the Rhineland and at West Berlin.

But I reckoned without my travel agency. They had sent me an itinerary and timetable showing I should alight at Friedrichstrasse, which, unbeknown to me at the time, is in Russian-occupied territory. So, like a lamb, I went into East Berlin.

The strange part of it was that I had been there for some hours before finding out where I was. I can speak no German.

This is how it began.

I had decided to cross the Channel via Harwich and the Hook-of-Holland to join the Warsaw Express, which, I had learned, had no buffet car.

So, with one suitcase, an overnight bag holding two pounds of eating apples, three hard-boiled eggs and trimmings, and half a pound of tasty cheese to keep up my strength on the way, I settled in the Warsaw Express.

I asked if anyone in the carriage spoke English. No. I was really on my own.

The train was crowded, and the folk in my compartment talked and talked.

They paused only to eat copious quantities of black bread and slices of sausage.

Black bread, sausage — and silence

Occasionally they fired questions at me as if to find out whether I knew what they were talking about.

In the middle of the night I knew they wanted a timetable, as they kept repeating names of places that appeared on my copy. So I offered them mine.

I thought that they had all gone mad. For the first time there was dead silence — and some very dirty looks.

To my amazement, a man in the opposite corner spoke in English: "So, you know our language."

I explained that I had only surmised about the timetable from the repetition of the names of towns.

But how was it he spoke English? I had asked when

I got into the carriage and he hadn't spoken then.

He explained that he was a music student and that all the others in the carriage were Poles who had only been allowed out by the regime one at a time.

"If they do not return to their country," he said, "their families are 'got at'."

He was about to answer my repeated query as to why didn't he say he spoke English when he asked me my name and destination.

When I gave him my German name and said I was to alight at Friedrichstrasse — dead silence again. (How was I to know that Friedrichstrasse was in EAST Berlin?)

Later, I knew they all thought I had listened to them day and night to "dob them in."

By FREYA STOLL

Four silent hours and many miles later I was only too pleased to leave my travelling companions.

They took great care not to assist me with my case and overnight bag and, amidst glares, I departed.

(Poor devils, what mental torture they must have suffered.)

I was pleased to leave the train, but the feeling was short-lived.

Friedrichstrasse was deserted. I was the only person to alight there.

I thought this strange. I had been led to believe that West Berlin had a population of some four million people, but perhaps it was a public holiday, and it was only 7 a.m.

Then I tried to get out of the station.

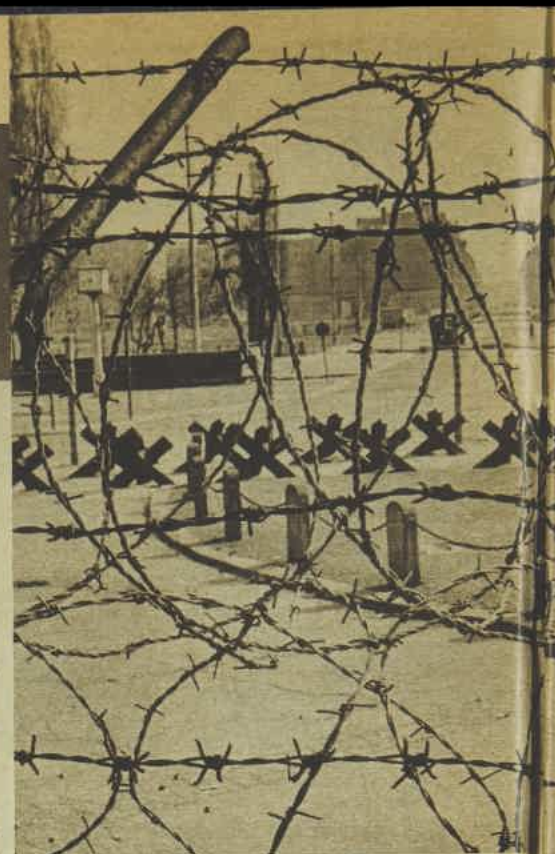
Every ramp I went down was walled up. All I could see was solid concrete.

For about ten minutes I made every effort to find a way out, and was completely baffled. The maze at Hampton Court was nothing to this.

I sat down on my case and composed my thoughts. I decided that I was all right, not dreaming. I would stay where I was and let someone find me.

After some time, perhaps ten minutes, I heard the patter of large feet. I left my luggage and followed the noise.

The feet belonged to one large, very old workman,



A TANGLE of barbed wire tops the Berlin Wall. The scene beyond is in East Berlin.

who was about to mend a large crack on a concrete wall. He grabbed me.

I indicated that I had luggage, collected it, and was hustled through a door in a side wall.

He marched me up and down ramps well below ground level and handed me over to four uniformed men who were patrolling.

During trips to the Continent over the years, I had been through Customs more than 40 times. Never had a case of mine been opened.

These patrolmen fixed that. Everything in my suitcase and overnight bag was taken out and searched.

I innocently thought that one of the men accidentally ruined the film in my camera when he opened it.

Then my handbag: did they have fun! I had currency from most European countries on me — Italian, Dutch, Swiss, French, Spanish, English, Irish, and even an Australian three-penny bit for luck.

Then they sent for two uniformed wenches, who patted me all over!

My, these Germans do not trust anyone, I thought.

I had the job of repacking. When I'd finished, I signalled I wanted a telephone. They got the message.

I was led up a steep flight of narrow steps, still lugging my luggage, to a door into a street facing a wide river, which, of course, was the Spree.

One of the men pointed to a large building which looked as though it might have been a bank. That was where I would find a telephone.

It was now 7.30 a.m., and

I'm not the type to sit in one spot for hours waiting for a bank to open. I decided to take off and explore Berlin.

The first sight that greeted me were two buxom, bloomers - to - the - ankle blondes (this garb doesn't do anything for anyone) sweeping the roads and gutters.

But where were the people? I did see small groups of two or three people at times, but as soon as they sighted anyone they dispersed in all directions.

I saw carts of produce being pulled by women and children. I couldn't make out where all the cars were.

Then I spotted what I thought was a taxi. The driver was in uniform and had a flashing blue light on the top of his cab.

I hailed him and asked to be taken to the branch office of my agency. Even the good old sign language failed. I know he swore at me.

What a rude man, I thought. He deserves to lose his licence.

Later I found out that I had hailed an East German policeman.

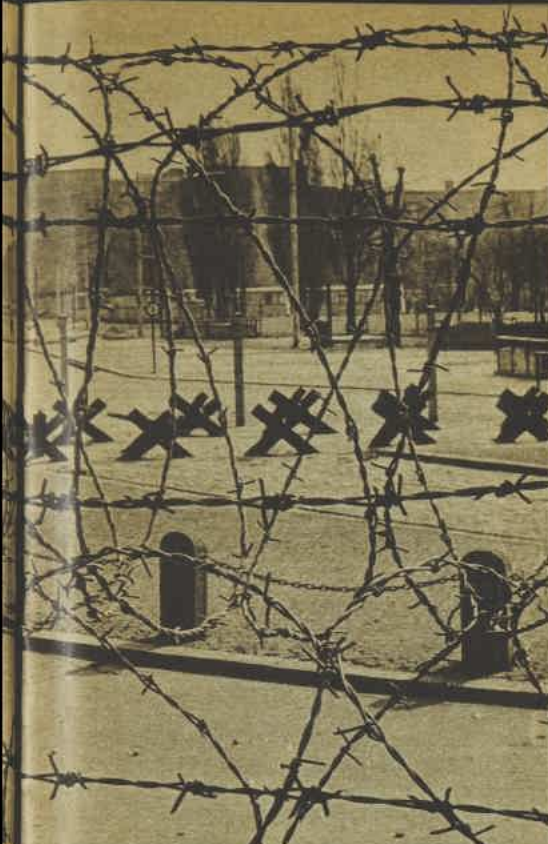
To add to my discomfort, the temperature was almost 90deg. and I was dressed for a cold cross-Channel ferry trip. My lighter clothing was in the case I carried.

Hot and weary, neck-to-knee woollies, polo-necked jumper, carrying a heavy case, overnight bag, handbag, and camera — I craved a shower and a change of clothing.

I was not at all impressed with the shops. The display of goods was poor, prices high, and the stocks in the food shops visibly unwholesome.

At about 10 a.m. I spotted "Apotheke." A chemist should know a little English. I went in to ask for the loan of a phone book.

My agency had advised its West Berlin office that I



BEHIND THE BERLIN WALL

● *An Australian woman en route to West Berlin was sent to the wrong station, and found herself illegally in Communist East Berlin. Here she tells her story.*

At any rate, my shouting brought results. Someone there could speak English.

I was hustled into an office and, for the first time since leaving England, someone carried my bags.

I had got to the Kommandant!

Through an interpreter I explained that my arrival was awaited in West Berlin (not a soul in the world knew where I was!) and the fact that I had no visa showed that I should not be in East Berlin.

I must have put up quite a story. The Kommandant rang a bell, handed me over to four uniformed men with a slip of paper, who marched me along passages, down stone stairs, handed me the slip of paper — and I was on my own.

Was I going to the British Consul, West Berlin, Siberia, or to stay in the East?

Behind a sort of plastic bay window I found a wizened little old lady.

I gave her the note—which had on it Grockenstrasse, or Grockstrasse — and she indicated that she wanted a few pfennigs.

I heaved a sigh of relief when I paid her. Even an

excursion to Siberia would cost more than the few pence she asked!

I got a ticket and wandered down to a deserted underground station. A train came in without a soul on it. I got on.

We arrived at another station, where there was great activity. I tumbled out, luggage and all.

I asked a startled American, "Pardon me, but would you please tell me where I am?" He gave me a long and strange look and said, "You are in Berlin, madam."

"Yes, but East or West Berlin?"

He replied, "West Berlin," and hurried off, quite sure that he had been talking to a lunatic.

Up numerous escalators to the ground again, I found a taxi, named my agency, and taken there.

They found accommodation for me. After I had registered and was shown into my room, I fell on to the bed in my clothes and was out like a light for 18 hours.

When I was able to explore West Berlin, I found that I was in a very prosperous city. The shops were attractive and the shop windows beautifully dressed.

Although the prices were a little high by English standards, the quality of the goods was excellent.

A large board outside a tourist bureau advertised a four-hour daily tour, including East Berlin—the very trip the border guard had told me about the day before.

I went in and booked. It started at 10.30 a.m., and I was the only non-American on it.

Passports were to be held at the border until we returned.

I settled for a window seat about halfway back in the coach, reloaded my camera, following the previous day's "accidental" spoiling of the film, and stowed it in my handbag.

For the first hour or so, a courier took us around West Berlin, showing us what a splendid recovery had been made (with the aid of the Marshall Plan).

The lass explained that she was not allowed to go with us into the East. The driver, however, had authority to take us across.

We proceeded across no-man's land, where our passports were collected.

Two border guards came into the bus, counted us, searched under every seat, the boot, the petrol tank, and the axles of the coach before allowing us to proceed with our new courier, a Russian girl of 25 and one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen.

I will call her Nadia. That was not her name.

Nadia extolled the virtues of the Russians, at the same time telling us that we were not to leave the coach, except at one spot, when she would escort us to see "the most beautiful statuary in the world."

We were not allowed to take any photographs. (That's what she thought.

We clicked merrily away whenever anything worth while appeared.)

The statues were quite something. Mother Russia was a central figure, and at each side was a Russian soldier leaning on his up-turned bayonet. It was to commemorate the Russians killed by the Germans.

Our courier eulogised Russia in every breath. No other nation existed, in her estimation.

We were shown the once lovely and world-famous street Unter den Linden (now renamed Maxim Gorky Allee), the university, and other showplaces.

Flags out

Today the flags were out, red bunting everywhere, bearing the hammer and sickle. Never once did we see a happy face, despite all the sales talk.

Then the trip was over. We were back at Checkpoint Charlie.

We dropped Nadia, the same two border guards searched every inch of the coach again, returned our passports. We picked up our German girl to finish our tour of the "Vest."

One of the saddest sights I saw, through yards and yards of rolled barbed wire, was a German boy and girl watching us from the Russian side.

The yearning in their faces and their expression as they looked at each other and walked off seemed to say, "Never mind, we have each other."

No one photographed that scene. We all had lumps in our throats.

I left early next day on the 6 a.m. express to Cologne.

I was glad when we passed out of Russian territory. Trains from West Berlin travel along the Corridor, a strip of land held by the Russians.

They board the train, collect fares for that portion of the journey, inspect passports.

Once at Cologne, I found I was pining for a friendly face and voice, and I left for England.

There, a very surprised room-mate took one look at me and sent me to a doctor to be treated for delayed-action shock.

At the travel agency I had to repeat everything that had happened, for investigation.

I looked like a ghost for a few days, but soon got over it.

I estimated that I had walked at least 15 miles carrying my luggage. I know I lost half a stone.

There was a compensation, however—a handsome cheque from the travel agency for having sent me to the wrong place.

would be calling some time in September.

I wanted to tell them I had arrived and ask where I was to stay, but my agency wasn't in that book.

The chemist-shopgirl indicated that my firm might be in the "Vest."

If I was going to panic, that was the moment!

When she assured me that I was really in East Berlin, I was angry, not at all frightened.

All the strange things that had been happening to me straightened themselves out. I understood the events of the past day... my fellow-travellers, the concrete walls, the buxom blondes, the inspection of my belongings.

How did she suggest I get back?

The lass shrugged her

government-looking building, where my papers were once more inspected.

They got the message over that if I returned to The Wall they might be of assistance. They were just playing with me!

In a lather, I returned to Checkpoint Charlie.

Fortunately there had been a change of guards and one of the officers spoke a little English. He was most human, but said I had no chance of getting over there without the Kommandant's permission. The Kommandant was not there.

I could see the Allied Sektor: you could imagine how I felt.

The guard told me that a coachload of Americans came over every day on a sightseeing tour but it was

more than his life was worth to try to get me aboard.

Friedrichstrasse, he said, was my only hope. I must convince them that I was in the wrong place. There was nothing to show that I should be in West Berlin.

I thanked him and with a heavy heart set out once again for Friedrichstrasse.

Along the Russian side of the wall were high lookouts of soldiers with machine-guns and binoculars, and at the foot of the platforms teams of German shepherd dogs.

One hard-boiled egg, two apples, and a piece of cheese later (the last of my rations) I decided on another try.

I went to the large building I had been in an hour or so before.

I marched in, bellowed for the Kommandant, the British Consul, and an interpreter.

I didn't know at this stage that there is no consul.

One-way ticket to Grockenstrasse

shoulders and pointed to The Wall.

I found it and, eventually, Checkpoint Charlie.

I dragged my now weary trousers over to the soldiers on duty, but no one could speak English.

I was handed over like a sack of potatoes from one soldier to another, still clutching bags, camera, passport—but no luck.

They recognised the fact that my itinerary said "Friedrichstrasse." I was there. I had arrived at the right place.

So I decided to go back to Fried. to see if anyone there spoke English.

Remembering that the door where I had been "let out" on the previous day faced the Spree, I knocked on dozens of doors, without result.

Then I wandered into the city proper and into a large



SYMBOLIC of a divided people reaching out across the barrier, this statue is at one of the five guarded checkpoints along the wall.



Woolworths
SENSATION!

*St. Mark styled blouses
worth 29/11 or more to
sell at an exciting . . .*

19'11

Slightly higher some country areas

Here are blouses, made by leading Australian manufacturers, that don't differ one jot in cut, style or finish from those selling elsewhere at 29/11 or more. Who can blame us for being excited. You will be too for there's no finer blouse value in Australia.

- A. Cool, soft Batiste with frosty white lace.
B., C. Drip dry cotton woven checks or stripes.
D. Easy care nylon, gathered neck or shirt style.
E. Flower fresh prints in classic or shirt styles.
F. Embroidered Batiste in tie or round neck styles.



THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA AT

WOOLWORTHS

VARIETY STORES & SUPERMARKETS

MONEY BACK CHEERFULLY UNLESS COMPLETELY SATISFIED



"Hong Kong" (and Rod Taylor) back on TV

● Few shows have made such an impact on TV ratings or on Australian viewers as this TCN9 series.

"HONG KONG," the TV series that skyrocketed local boy Rod Taylor into the Hollywood big time, is being repeated on TCN9 on Saturdays at 7.30 p.m.

It is not often that a repeat of a TV series is news, but this is, and no wonder.

It is a well-produced show, packed with action, and Taylor shines in it.

By NAN MUSCROVE

He is one of the few stars with two-way appeal — his tough, hard-fisted, masterful ways make him popular with the men; his charm and vitality add up to sex appeal-plus with women.

Taylor, who plays Glenn Evans, a foreign correspondent in Hong Kong, was amazed at the impression "Hong Kong" made on Australian viewers.

When he visited Australia two years ago, he said he was staggered that so many people recognised him.

"I am beginning to get the full effect of 'Hong Kong' here now," he said.

"I am amazed. People recognise me from the back of my head."

TV jargon has added some apt words and phrases to the language, as well as some unwieldy ones.

My pet jargon-hates are "upcoming" for next, and "continuing story" for serial. My old favorite is "tote-along," large, prompt boards

Television

with lines written large on them and held so that actors too idiotic (or too pressed) to learn may read their lines. My new favorite is "tote-along."

A tote-along is nothing more nor less than a portable television set. I think it's a honey, but as TV jargon would have it: "What's upcoming?"

A new look at the arts

"SPECTRUM," a new magazine-type program (ABC-TV, Sundays, 9 p.m.) about the current scene in the arts, looks like one of those chancy programs that are good viewing sometimes and awful at other times.

The first edition was made up of an explanation of the show by compere Keith Adam (a step which is almost always fatal), an interview with artist Russell Drysdale, and another with Melbourne author David Martin.

Both men were good interview subjects. Whether or not the best was got out of either man depends on what you want to know, or already know.

A lot more could have come out of Adam's Drysdale interview, although I

enjoyed it better than the other.

The interview with Martin, a good talker and an interesting man, was done by Tony Morphet.

I found it too gimmicky, with interpolated folk-singing and huge, arty, blown-up pictures replacing the real man from time to time.

"Spectrum" is worth watching to see how it develops. I think it is chancy, though, because it is going to depend — if the first edition can be taken as a guide — on the quality of the people interviewed, and so many of those concerned with the arts have already been done over by other TV interviewers.

I like talk programs, and the different interviewers with their different approaches and style appealed to me.

"Spectrum" has another advantage, too. It is not straitjacketed by studio interviews alone, but is using outside location filming, which gives it more interest and variety.

The end of the dancing elves

SOPHISTICATED cartoon humor is demanded by today's children, according to master cartoonists Bill Hanna and Joe Barbera, whose famous cartoon characters Huckleberry Hound, Yogi Bear, and The Flintstones have become classics of entertainment.

"The era of dancing elves and twitchy-nosed bunnies is gone," Barbera said.

"American youngsters of today have been weaned on the humor, satire, and wit of Sid Caesar, Milton Berle, Jack Benny, Bob Hope, and Red Skelton. Consequently, they're more sophisticated about humor than their (pre-TV) parents were at the same age.

"When it comes to humor, we have to consider the children just like the rest of the people.

"True, they're little people, but you have to offer them something besides pretty birds and flowers that can dance, or you've lost them."



ROD TAYLOR says, "I am amazed. People recognise me from the back of my head."



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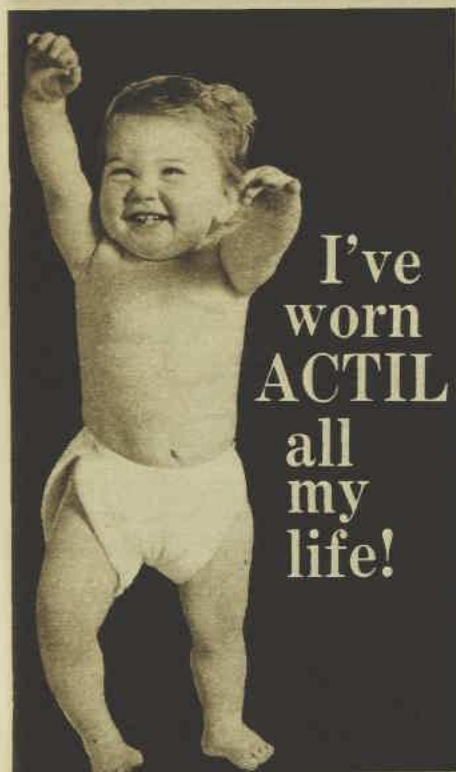
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TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the Week

Mamma once said, "People often wonder why their marriage is falling apart or why they aren't as close as they used to be. Well, think. How long is it (if you are a husband) since you said to your wife, 'Gee, you look beautiful today' or 'Have I told you how pretty I think you are?' Or (if you are a wife), 'It's amazing how young you look' or 'That new tie makes you look very handsome.' Remember when you were first married? I'll bet you said something nice every day."

Mamma's moral: They say flattery is OK for husbands provided it's rationed. But, remember, with rationing there's usually a black market.

READ TV TIMES FOR
FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

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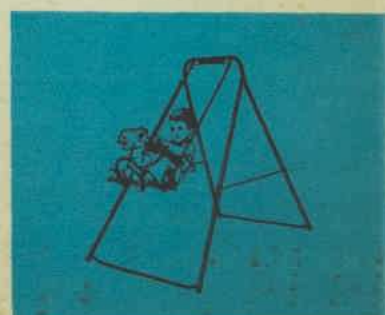
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Warm, nice people

Television

● "The Dick Van Dyke Show" gets my rating as the best and funniest family show on TV. It gets in the official ratings, too, as one of the shows Australians enjoy, and no wonder. It is outstandingly written, and acted by a cast of characters that would be hard to beat.

BELOW: *Buddy (Morey Amsterdam) and Sally (Rose Marie) in zany antics they dote on. Morey, 50, is a rarity, a comic who tells jokes off camera.*

RIGHT: *Rob Petrie (Dick Van Dyke) and wife, Laura (Mary Tyler Moore). Dick, 37, a big star, insists he is not. Mary won TV award last year as a comedienne.*



ONE of the things that gives me a glow when I watch "The Dick Van Dyke Show" is that all the people in it are nice.

It is no coincidence that they are. It is part of a plan by the show's writer-producer, Carl Reiner. Reiner, talking about his writing, says: "I like to write warm, zany comedy—big, crazy humor played by real people. It also helps if the actors are warm, nice people, too. That is where I am so very lucky on the 'Dick Van Dyke Show.'"

Heading the nice people is Dick himself. He says he is too happy being a square to be anything else.

His favorite pastime is watching re-runs of famous French clown Jacques Tati's film, "Mr. Hulot's Holiday."

Racing driver

He is a serious artist, a caricaturist, a dancer, a racing-car driver, goes barefoot when he can, hates himself on the screen, movie, or TV, says, "I die a thousand deaths each time I see myself."

Mary Tyler Moore was best known before "The Dick Van Dyke Show" as "Sam," David Janssen's leggy secretary, whose face was never seen, in "Richard Diamond." Mary is married, has been a dancer since she was eight, says her TV image as a good housewife has no resemblance to herself. She hates housework; is a terrible cook.

She keeps fit with strenuous two-hour classical ballet lessons twice a week. She won the Emmy last year as TV's best comedienne.

Morey Amsterdam is married—and has been for 21 years—to former model Kay Patrick. They have two children—Gregory, 20, and Cathy, 12.

—NAN MUSGROVE

● "The Dick Van Dyke Show" may be seen on Tuesdays: TCN9 Sydney, QTQ9 Brisbane, and NWS9 Adelaide at 7 p.m.; GTV9 Melbourne at 7.30 p.m.



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There's a lot to be said
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To look at them you'd almost think dress and car were made for each other. And in a sense they were. For there's more than just a touch of high fashion in Holden's new curved beauty. In those sleek, sweeping lines you see the look that will be as glamorous and modern next year as it is right now. But this is only one of the ways Holden knows how to please a lady. There's the wonderful new spaciousness, the rich colours and materials of its interior. The smooth, powerful performance that whisks you on your way. And much, much more. If you really enjoy stepping out in style, there's no other choice anywhere near the price.

HOLDEN
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DESERT ROAD AT WILUNA

WILUNA, 300 miles north of Kalgoorlie, Western Australia, was once a thriving goldmining centre, but, with the closing of the mine, is rapidly becoming a ghost town. However, in the area are numbers of prosperous station properties and a network of roads links this desert area with the coast. Wiluna itself is 116 miles off the Great Northern Highway.

On the red sandhill country the main plant

is the porcupine grass, locally called spinifex. Tall trees are not uncommon and the most striking is the Barra Gum, whose bark and silver-green foliage make it a beautiful sight, contrasting against the red sand. The white bark trees in the picture are Barra Gums, and the spinifex is the porcupine grass, a small, low, round head of prickly leaves.

This picture was taken by Mr. V. Serventy, of Wembley Downs, Western Australia.

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A fashion view of *Hawaii*



● Seen on Waikiki Beach, a modern muu-muu with a straight, narrow, unadorned silhouette. The denim-like fabric is striped in multi-colors.



By BETTY KEEP

WATCHING fashions round the town of Honolulu, and on the famous Waikiki Beach, the first impression is bright, lively color. The muu-muu, introduced to the islands by missionaries more than a century ago as a modest cover-up for Polynesian girls, is still the basic design.

Local stylists have reproduced the cool, comfortable lines of the muu-muu in a varied array of fascinating and often sophisticated designs.

The young wear the muu-muu in cut-down, often form-fitting versions. Because of its concealing line, it is worn in its original form by the older generation.

Another important factor in Honolulu's rather isolated fashion world is the number of high-fashion resort clothes brought to and worn on the island by visitors.

The net fashion result of these two factors is a unique mingling of Hawaiian fashions, recognisable on sight, and those from such important world centres as Paris, New York, and Rome.

Continued overleaf

● Hawaiian muu-muu (left). In this form it was first introduced to the island by the missionaries. Muu-muu by Pauline Lake, Royal Hawaiian Hotel.



ROGTEX CALLED ON ACRILAN . . .

Rogtex were busy with new ideas. High fashion knit suits . . . tough, active knit shirts. They wanted a fibre that would take bright pure colours — and retain them. It had to be firm and warm, yet light to wear. Easy to keep dazzlingly clean, and impeccably neat. A springy fibre that stays springy. So Rogtex called Acrilan. They know Acrilan has these qualities, and more. Acrilan has proved itself in every fashion application. Rogtex trusts the big red A. You can, too.



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● Short muu-muu and long fitted shorts (above) on Waikiki Beach. These long shorts are worn by surf boys. They are on sale in local shops.

A fashion view of *Hawaii*

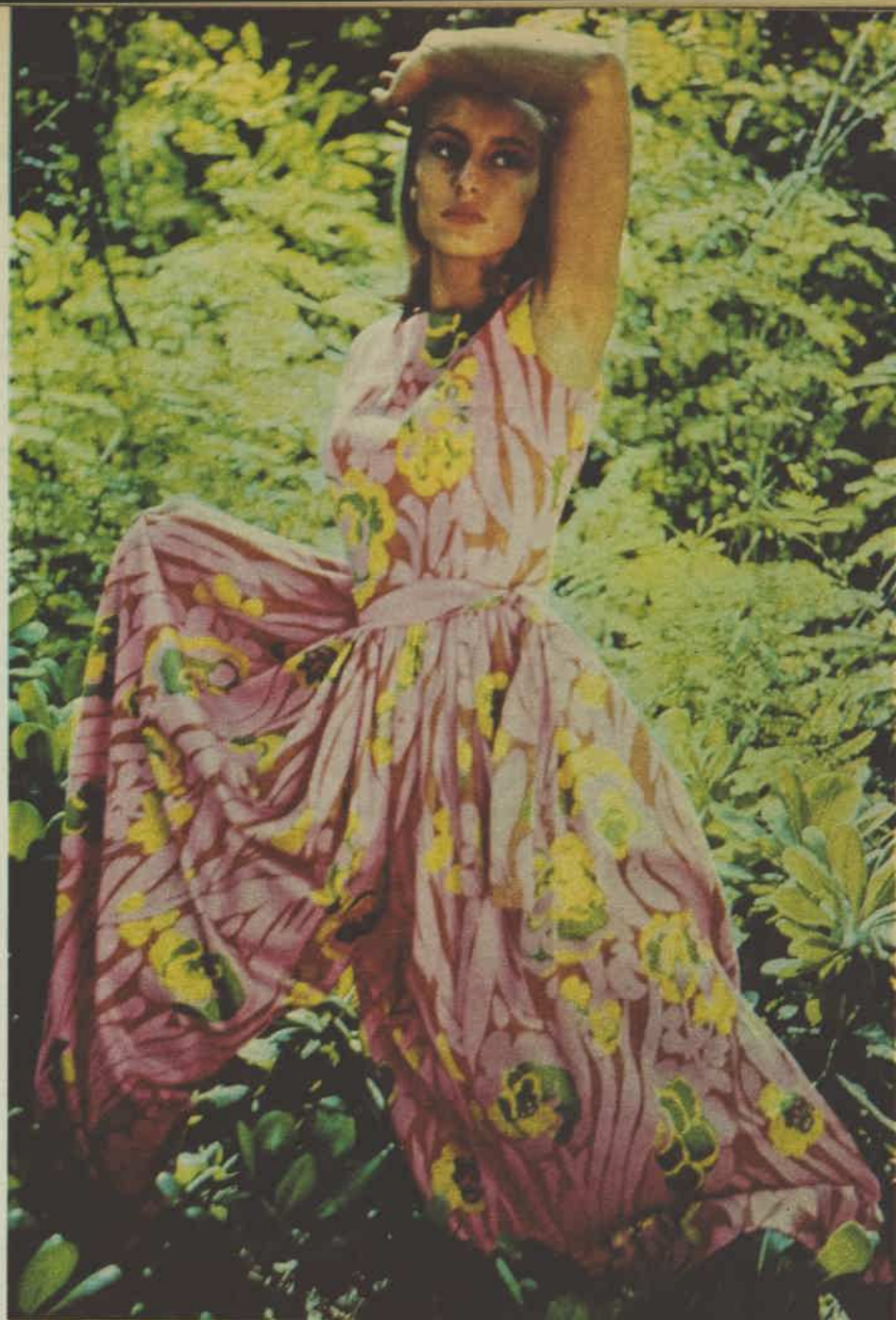
Continued from page 21

Brilliant tropical prints in gay colors play an important part.



● Short knee-tickler (above) is an up-to-date version of the muu-muu. The short muu-muu in vivid print is a favorite among holiday-makers.

● For gala occasions in the local hotels, numbers of holiday-makers play it cool in ankle-length cotton evening dresses. See example at right.



● Evening pyjamas (above). Guests at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel are not permitted to dine in slacks. Formal pyjamas are accepted.

● Straight ankle-length muu - muu (right) is made in red and white check gingham. The design has a scooped-out sleeveless top.



Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● This week I feature two patterns. One (opposite page) is for a Queensland reader; the other (below) is for a Melbourne girl.

HERE is part of the Melbourne reader's letter: "I wonder if your pattern department has a style for a princess-line dress with short sleeves. If so, please let me know price, etc., and where to write

for a pattern. My size is 32in. bust."

A paper pattern for the princess-line dress illustrated below is available in your size. The pattern price of 6/6 includes postage. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

Here is the Queensland reader's request:

"I have 2½yds. of very sheer fabric for an evening overblouse. Could you design a style with a high neckline and long sleeves and let me have a pattern to fit a 31in. bust?"

The design I have chosen in answer to your query is illustrated on the opposite page. The blouse

has a high cowl neckline and long, full sleeves finished with cuffs. The design has a closing at centre back. A paper pattern for the design is available in the size you require. Under the picture are further details.

Here are other queries in my Dress Sense mail:

"Would it be correct to have a summer suit made in a bright shade of linen?"

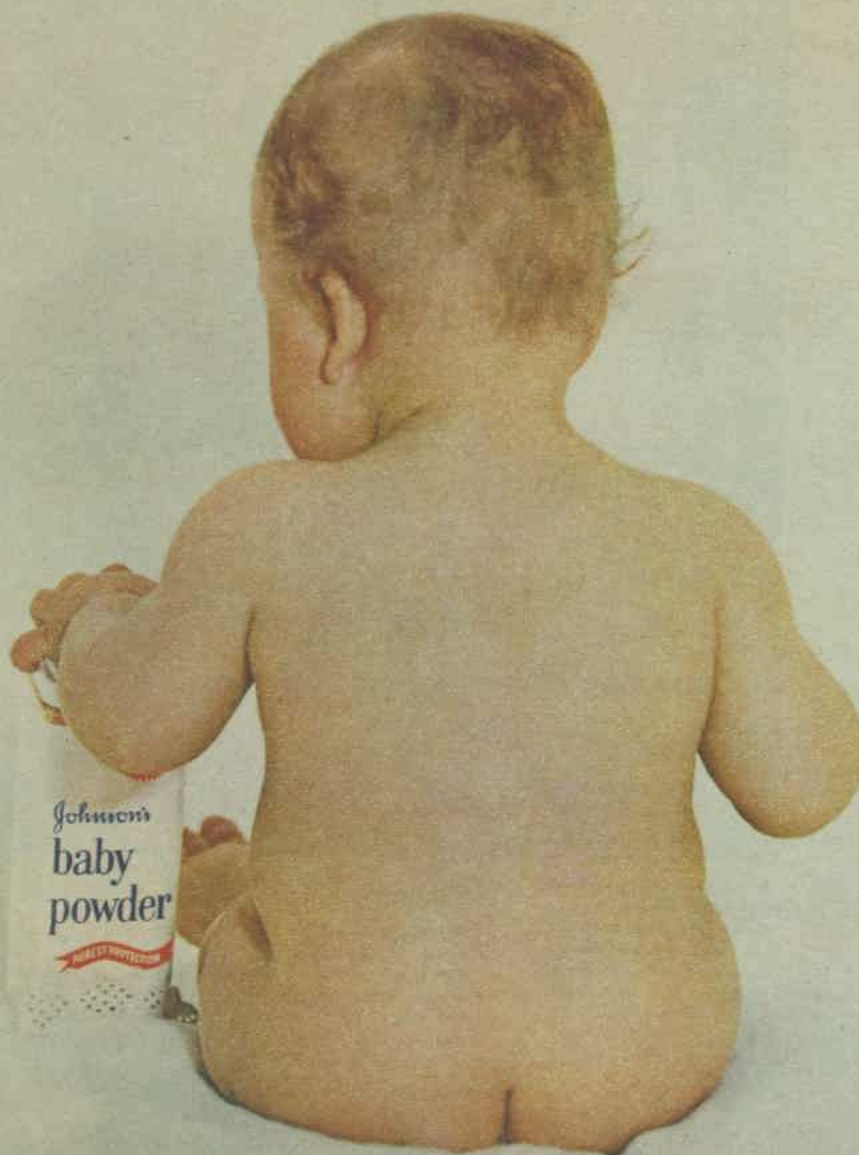
Yes, it's a pretty color season for suits. Coming in strongly are all the orange colors; all the violets are good, all the pink shades, and sky-blue. Also in fashion is the all-white suit.

"I see by overseas fashion books that stripes are being worn. I have some navy-and-white-striped jersey and would like to make it up. Would the fabric be suitable for a coat?"

Yes, it would. Have the coat made cardigan-style, with a rather narrow silhouette and single-breasted fastening. If you feel you would like a trim, have four patch pockets—two smallish ones placed high and two bigger ones placed well below the waistline.

"A friend, just back from abroad, has given me a fabric length which looks like all-over crochet. Would this fabric be suitable for a frock? I am in my thirties and have a slight figure."

Crochet effects in fabrics are really high fashion. This type of fabric is best made in a simple style, such as a figure-following sheath, or a shift. It will need to be lined, and a soft-textured silk in a matching shade would be best for this purpose.



Who uses more Johnson's? Babies or grown-ups?

Grown-ups do. They sprinkle Johnson's on after the shower, to absorb moisture, and keep their skin cool and fresh.

(It's about the nicest thing grown-ups ever learned from babies.)

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Best for baby, best for you.



6455.—One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue pattern 6455, the price 6/6 includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.



"Would you please tell me the fashion rule concerning a dinner dress? My husband and I have been asked out to dinner and we don't know the correct attire."

A dinner dress can be long or short, sleeved or sleeveless, and be made with a high or low neckline. The most definite hallmark is the material choice, which should be dressy. Chiffon, brocade, or any floral silk would all be an excellent current choice. If your husband has not been told to wear a dinner jacket, he will be correctly attired in a dark lounge suit.

"I have to order a child's pattern through the mail. My daughter is four years old and has a 23½ in. chest measurement. Will I order by age or chest size?"

Order by chest size; a child's age can be a misleading factor. A 23½ in. chest is a standard child's size 5.

"Please suggest a trim for a chiffon frock made with a low, scooped-out back."

A self-material ruffle is one of the prettiest trims I know.

"I am attending my sister as a bridesmaid and wearing a lemon taffeta frock. My hair is long and worn in a chignon and I can't think of a suitable hat. The wedding is in the afternoon."

Don't wear a hat. A trio of little bows or a wreath of small blossom arranged around the chignon would make a pretty and simple head decoration. The bows could be made from the same taffeta as the dress. The flowers could be white or a pastel color.

6405. — Overblouse in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18, for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38 in. bust. Vogue pattern 6405, the price 5/9 includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"I like wrist-length gloves, but as I have very big hands I wondered if they would make my hands look larger?"

A simple classic glove reaching to just above the wrist will be more flattering than an ultra-short type.

"I am having a frock made of brocade for an evening function. I have very big upper arms and wonder if the dress should be sleeveless or have little sleeves. I am in my sixties and my daughter thinks the frock would look wrong with sleeves."

Have the frock made with little sleeves. The fastest age-teller I know is an exposed upper arm.

"Would a silk frock and jacket be correct to wear as a going-away ensemble? If it would, could you please suggest a nice style?"

You couldn't have anything nicer or more suitable for a going-away ensemble than a dress and matching jacket. Our pattern department has a very attractive design and pattern for an outfit in this category. The dress is sleeveless and has seaming to define a raised waistline in front and a self-tie belt at the back. The jacket has below-elbow kimono sleeves and a self-bow finishing a curved yoke-line.

If you wish to order the pattern, please quote Vogue pattern 6342; the price, 7/6, includes postage. Be sure to state the size required. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"I have made a velvet evening jacket and wondered if you could tell me how to press the seams without making marks on the fabric."

Stand your iron on end, heat, and cover with a damp cloth. Hold the velvet lightly to avoid finger-marks and run the wrong side of the velvet against the cloth-covered iron. This method will press seams and steam out any wrinkles.

GONE...the HEADACHE that was!



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Hoovermatic's Twin Tubs handle 3 different wash loads while other machines are still on their first!



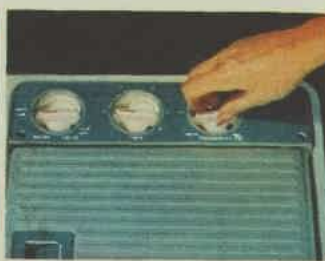
Hoovermatic's Twin Tubs Work Together. In single tub wringer machines you have to wash and wring each load in the same tub. If your whites go in first, you have to wait until they're washed and wrung before you can put in the coloureds. This can take 12 minutes. With Hoovermatic you spin dry in a separate tub. So your coloureds can be washed while your whites are being spun dry. And because Hoovermatic handles a different wash load every 4 minutes, you can wash three different loads while other machines are still on their first.



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Spins Drier-than-Wringing. Hoovermatic's spin dry is silent, smooth, safe and fast. Faster than any other spin dry, rinsing easier and more thoroughly and spinning the clothes drier-than-wringing. Most garments come out ready to iron.



Bonus Features. 1. Hoovermatic's linked heater-timer pre-selects washing temperature and time, then switches off automatically at the end of the wash. 2. The flat formica lid makes a handy work bench when the machine is not in use.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 6, 1965



WHEN the telephone rang, he knew in his bones it was Daphne calling, and he cast an uneasy glance in the direction of the kitchen, where Fran was cheerfully slapping pots and dishes around.

He answered in a low, guarded tone, disliking his feeling of a need for subterfuge.

"Well, hi!" Daphne said. "Top of the morning to you. Or is it top of the afternoon? What the devil time is it, anyway, for Pete's sake? I just woke up and found I must have yanked out the clock cord when I got into bed last night. You know me."

"Oh, yes, I know you, Daphne."

"I probably—what do I mean probably?—had one too many," she was going on. "You know I don't have any capacity for the stuff. But it was such a gay party! Ick! And they had this gorgeous man for me. Ick! And I had to drown myself in scotch to put up with him. Oh, Bill, I'm such an ass, aren't I?"

He recognised the undertone of despair in her light chatter, and because just listening

To page 60

Too dear for my possessing

BY RUTH LYONS

Beneath a facade of glamor, Daphne was a little girl lost . . . a sophisticated story

DOES HE KNOW THE COLOUR OF YOUR EYES?

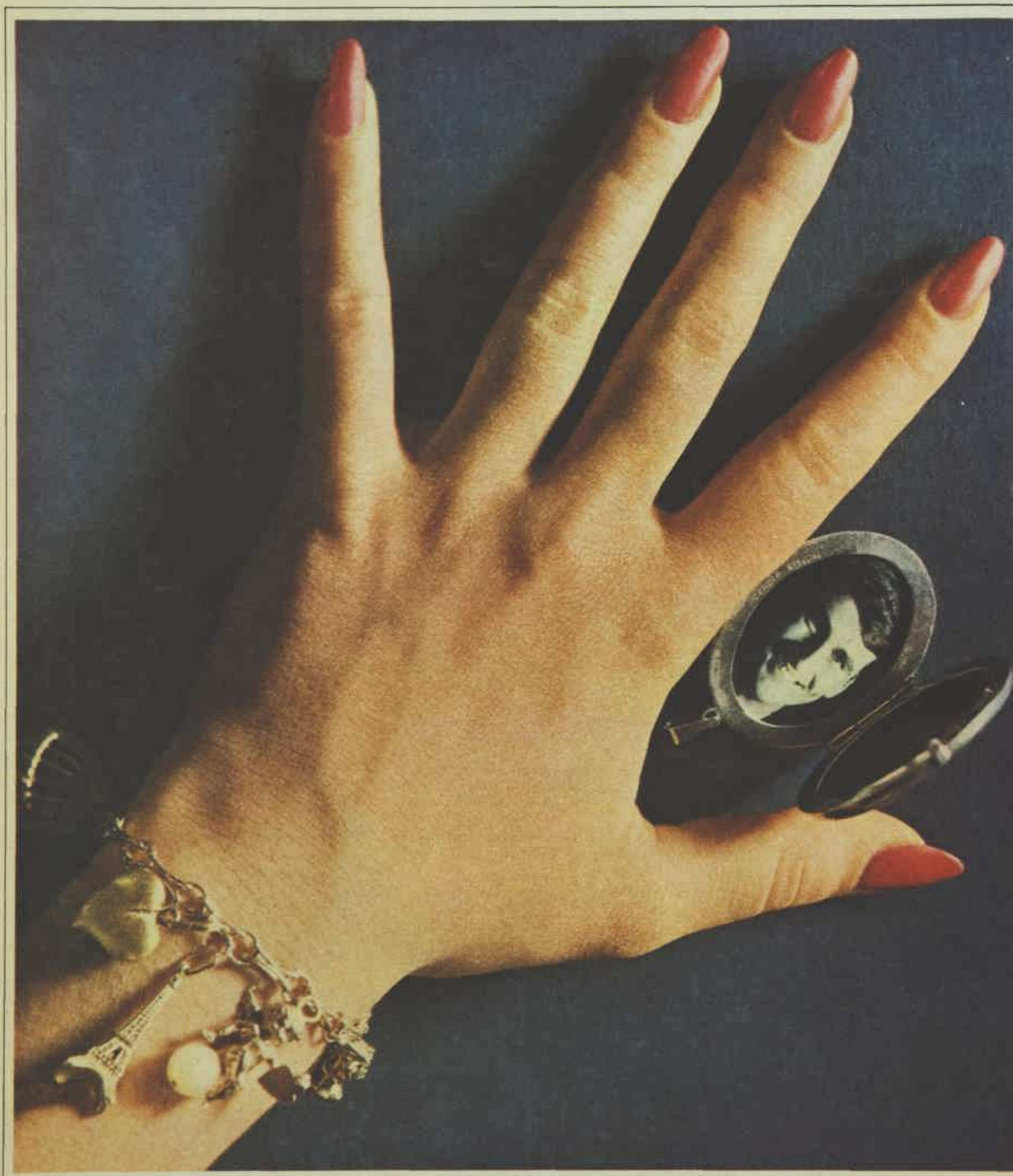
Love is not blind. The mere male is surprisingly aware of the scent of your hair; the nail polish you wear. Colours. Rings. Little things. Michel understand. So now, for the first time, they introduce a range of nail polishes designed to catch his eye and quicken his pulse. Shame on Michel. These 12 nail polishes, in latest pearlescent shades, are inspired by the hypnotic inner fire of precious stones. They harmonise with world-famous Michel lipsticks, or any other lipsticks to give you complete colour grooming from lips to fingertips. So get set to spring another surprise... "little brown eyes".

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Michel gives you colour grooming from lips to fingertip.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 6, 1965

The SCARLET LANCER

**A riot of color and mingling
of personalities marked this
production — a dramatic story**

By GLYNN CROUDACE

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

WE were on location in Natal's Valley of a Thousand Hills, filming "The Scarlet Lancer," when a girl on a grey horse came cantering down the road, and our Zulu warriors, who were hanging around playing draughts while waiting to ambush a patrol of Redcoats, rose to their feet, brandished their spears, and thundered their royal salute: *Bayete, Bayete!*

Sam Eiselen, the producer, who was watching the cameras pan the rolling landscape, jerked round in his chair.

"Hey, you!" he yelled. "Get off that road. Can't you see we've set it?"

Shod hoofprints at that stage of the story would have been almost as out of place on the red dirt road as the tyre tracks of a car.

The newcomer said something to the Zulus in their own tongue and obediently left the road and came toward us. She was, I could see, a strapping young woman. The sleeves of her yellow shirt were rolled back to reveal strong, tanned forearms; her jodhpurs were taut over powerful thighs.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen." On the big horse she looked relaxed, even graceful. "I'm looking for Mr. Eiselen." She had a hot-potato English accent and a brusque manner of speech.

"You're looking at him," Sam said, plainly unimpressed.

She gave him a nod and swung down out of the saddle. On the ground she was just a big, awkward-looking girl, the hint of gracefulness had gone. She had thick, brown, wavy hair, cut fairly short, and swept back behind her ears; all you could say of her was that she was a healthy young animal.

"I'm Britannia Pitt," she announced. "I'm told your interpreter is in hospital; if you like, I'll give you a hand."

Sam pushed his Madeira straw to the back of his head. (We'd all come out by sea and stopped at the island en route from Southampton.) He levelled his bristling eyebrows at the girl, giving her a questioning look.

"Are you looking for the job?"

"Oh, you wouldn't have to pay me," she said, nose in air. "I'd be doing it mainly to help them." She tossed her head toward the watching Zulus.

"If you interpret for us, you'll get paid for it. How well d'you know the language?"

"I could speak it before I could speak English, and I've been speaking it all my life."

"Fair enough," Sam said. "Where d'you live?"

"On the edge of the reserve. My father has a farm about three miles from here. My family — she spoke with conscious pride — "has been associated with Mpanga's tribe for the past seventy years."

Sam glanced at me. I nodded to him.

"We need someone," I said. "Du Toit's not here all the time."

Martinus du Toit was from the Department of Native Affairs. He was an Afrikaner who looked as if he would be more at home loading 200lb. bags of mealies on to a wagon than dealing with the intricacies of native law and administration; still, while looking after the interests of his Zulus, he had been very helpful to us and we were grateful to him.

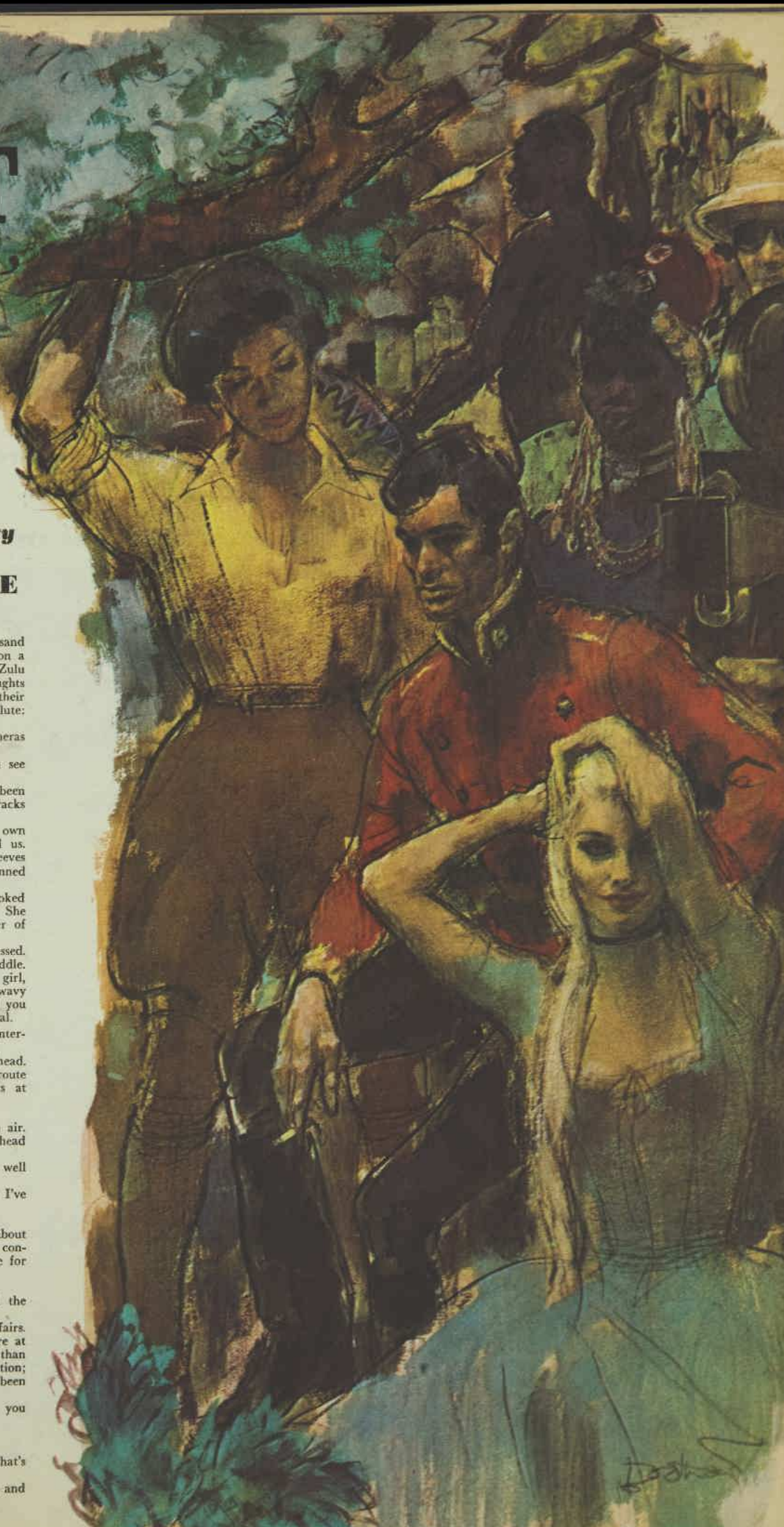
"All right," Sam said to Britannia Pitt, "when can you start?"

"Now, if you like."

Sam's bony fingers closed upon my arm.

"Meet Tom Arnold, our scriptwriter. He'll tell you what's going on."

I took the hand she thrust at me: it was lean and strong and well shaped.



To page 39



THE FATHER

A short short story by **MICHAEL RUMAKER**

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HE stood at the window looking down into the street. It was the first really cold day of fall, and the passers-by, bundled up, walked along the sidewalk with a briskness in their step and an aliveness in their faces. Falling leaves from the lone tree in the middle of the block scudded over the asphalt in the high, cold wind, collected in the gutter, and then were swirled up in a yellow blaze into the air again.

Inside, the apartment was warm and quiet. The radiator in the corner hissed and clanked.

Since it was mid-afternoon, his older son would just be getting out of school. He glanced at his watch. He won't be home for a while yet, he said to himself.

In the middle of the room stood a dark blue baby carriage. It was swaying lightly back and forth on its springs as the baby inside kicked its legs and thrust its arms about. Hands in pockets, the father walked softly over to the carriage and peeked in.

The child grew quiet and lay there solemn and wide-eyed, staring up at him. He still felt shy about picking the baby up, as if it were such a fragile thing that even with the most gentle pressure the roughness of his hands might hurt it.

He couldn't understand why he should still feel this way. It wasn't as if this were his first child. Maybe it was because with his first son it was all new and he had been far more afraid, and a little more indifferent than now.

He waved one of his fingers in front of the baby's face. The child's little hand swung out eagerly and swiped at the long, tanned finger, grabbing and missing, its small eyes suddenly intent. It swiped at the finger again as the father, grinning, wagged it before him.

This time the baby caught it and held on. The father was, as always, surprised by the firmness of the grip, the unsuspected strength in the fine-boned fingers. He could feel the tiny, paper-thin nails digging into his calloused flesh and he smiled down at the child, tugging gently, trying to pull his finger away.

But the child held on with an even greater tenacity, a vacuous persistence in its milky eyes, its small lips parted and the tongue extended over the lower lip.

The father looked down at the long, straight body of the child. You'll do, he thought to himself, and there was a warmth of feeling stirring in him. He felt quiet and happy. These were the nicest times, when he had a day off from work and his wife would go out and he was alone in the apartment and could have the child to himself.

The door opened and a thin, wiry boy of about nine, with a couple of leather-strapped school-books slung over his shoulder, burst into the room.

The father straightened up abruptly, slowly put his hands on his hips, and glared at him. "Where's the fire?" he asked.

He thought his heart would break when the new baby brother arrived and he had to take second place to him

"Nowhere," the boy answered rapidly, out of breath. "Where's Mama?"

"Out."

"Oh."

A look of disappointment came into the boy's face. He flung his books down on a chair, then pulled off his jacket and threw that on top of the books. His shirt-tail was hanging out, but he only gave a hard tug with both hands at the buckle of his belt, yanking his trousers up. He stood on tiptoe to peer over at his baby brother.

"Why so late?" his father asked, sitting down on the edge of a chair.

"Had to stay after school."

"What for?"

The boy held his hand shoulder-high and snapped four fingers up and down over his thumb.

"Again?"

The boy nodded.

"Why do you have to talk so much?"

"I just felt like talking."

"What'd you talk about?"

He stood up and jerked his head toward the carriage. "Him!"

"You ought to wait till you get outside to talk."

The boy turned his head to one side, a pondering look on his thin face. He shrugged his shoulders. "Sometimes you just can't hold it in," he said finally.

"What did you say about your brother?"

But the boy ignored his father's question and went over to the carriage and leaned low over the baby's face. "Hello, old stinky."

He nestled his nose against the baby's cheek and the baby became excited, flailing its arms and legs about. The boy lifted his head away, stuck a finger in either side of his mouth, and made a hideous face at his little brother. The baby stared back at him, then broke into a smile.

"You're a cute old stinky. Look — he's laughing, Dad."

"He's a good-natured baby," the father said.

"Not all the time," the boy said, his face suddenly serious. "Sometimes he cries a lot."

"All babies cry. Should've heard you."

"I bet I didn't!" the boy insisted vehemently, turning on his father. "Not as much as him!"

"Sure you did," the father said with a faintly teasing smile. "Just as much. Probably more."

Then he stared quietly at the baby and let out a sigh, his face sagging with a hangdog look, his thin shoulders slumping. He turned and looked at his father.

How white his face looks in the light! his father thought.

"Do you still like me now?" the boy said quietly.

The man looked at his son, puzzled. "Sure I like you now. Why?"

The boy looked away, his face drained of color. His father watched the fine blue veins under the pale skin of the boy's brow. Then abruptly the son did a little dance around the room. His father continued to watch him with a bemused smile of incomprehension.

Letting his long, thin body lift and fall, the boy whirled over to the carriage and put his hands on the sides and began to rock it.

His father held up a hand. "Careful, now," he said.

But the boy seemed to pay no attention and rocked the carriage steadily, methodically, as though in a trance. The creakings of the springs sounded very loud in the silence of the room.

"Then why don't you put your hand on my head?" the boy asked in the same way he had asked once why the grass was green. He rocked the carriage harder now as though he wanted to turn it over.

The father started from his seat, a look of alarm in his face. Then he sat down again.

"Come here," he said quietly. "Let me fix your shirt."

The boy's hands slid slowly, resistantly, off the side of the carriage. He came over to his father with a soft, shy tread and his father tucked in his shirt-tail and turned him around and around and held him at arm's length to look at him.

"What a dumb question to ask," his father said gently. "You know I like you."

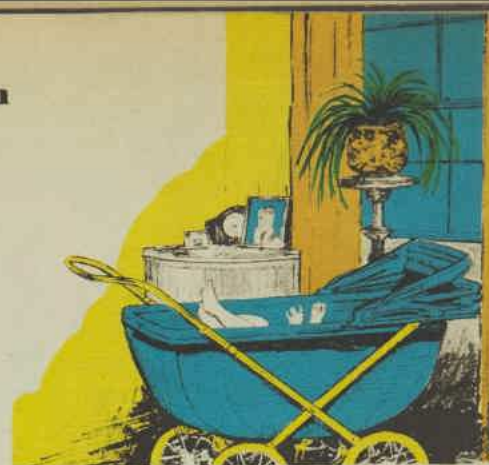
Now the son snuggled in close to him and mumbled into his

shoulder, "I was just wondering why you didn't..." He couldn't finish.

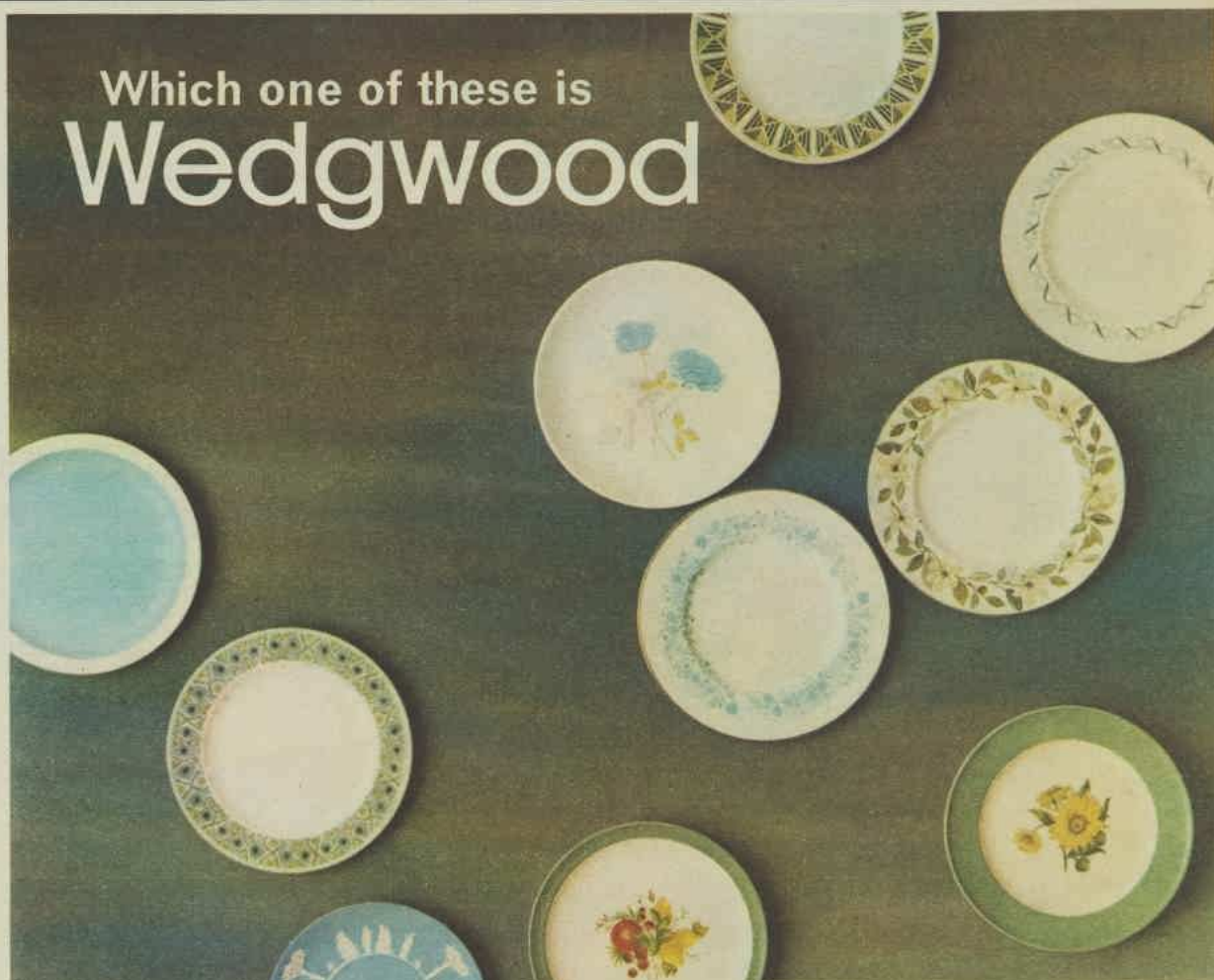
The father lifted him into his lap and the boy pressed his face against his father's chest. The boy slowly relaxed and rested quietly in his arms. The springs of the baby carriage were silent now. The room was very still.

Outside, it was growing dark. The light from the window was now the shade of dark blue smoke. The father sat quietly with his son in his lap in the darkening room for a very long time.

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DINNER FOR TWO

A short story

By

MARGOT LUKE



Tony was seated forlornly at the table when Tessa arrived.

UNLIKE so many other landladies Tessa had seen that week, Mrs. Kenton did not have the usual list of prohibitions. She was friendly, brisk, and busy. She did not say, "No noise, no pets, no gentlemen visitors, no stockings to be washed in the bathroom." She merely smiled and confided, "We get along very nicely here, but if you particularly want an early night on Saturdays, dear, I'd advise a pair of ear plugs."

She picked up a sleek black cat and hugged it before she continued the tour of inspection. "This is your kitchenette. You share it with Mr. Hollings, who's a very nice, serious young man. Scientist — supposed to be a bit hush-hush, I think. He won't be any trouble. Very tidy and considerate. Do you think you'll like it here with us?"

"Oh, yes!" breathed Tessa. "And are you sure I'd be allowed to use both my typewriter and my sewing-machine?" These, her two dearest possessions, had caused trouble with landladies before.

Mrs. Kenton nodded and waved her free hand about. "Of course, dear, if that's your idea of fun — you go ahead and do all the sewing and typing you want."

Tessa moved in on Friday night, and on Saturday morning, feeling gay and somehow inspired by the friendly atmosphere radiating through the house, she put on her purple hipster slacks and a white shirt and proceeded to the kitchen, carefully carrying an egg and a tin of instant coffee, which represented her entire larder so far.

The kitchen table was set with breakfast for two. Not the sort of breakfast Tessa had planned, but an honest-to-goodness meal: stewed fruit, bacon, eggs, kidney, and tomato, golden toast, transparent marmalade, and there was a heavenly smell of coffee.

Tessa stood gazing longingly at the inviting spread and then looked at the one egg and the tin of coffee she was clutching.

A voice behind her said, "Ready for breakfast?"

She spun round and stammered, "I'm afraid I must be in the wrong kitchen — but I'm sure Mrs. Kenton said this was the one I was to share with . . ."

"With me. I'm Tony Hollings. Thought it would save a lot of time and trouble if I got on with the breakfast. First morning in a new place is usually a bit of a mess."

Before Tessa could reply, he had seated himself at the table and was pouring out the coffee. Then he retired behind the morning paper without saying another word.

What an odd young man, Tessa thought as she ate her breakfast. Finally, when the silence had lasted for some time, she said, "Anything important happening in the world?"

He lowered the paper and said in an exasperated voice, "You can read all about it when I've gone, Miss . . .?"

"Merrifield," she informed him, brightening. "Tessa Merrifield."

He nodded, said, "How do you do," and disappeared behind the paper again.

Tessa was just finishing her toast and marmalade when he folded the newspaper and got up. "Must dash now — you won't mind doing the washing up, will you?"

Dumbly, she shook her head.

"Thanks." He stood in thought for a moment. "Are you doing anything tonight?" Encouraged by this show of interest, Tessa flashed a smile at him. "No, I don't think so." "Good! I shall cook a Steak Diane with Crepes Suzette to follow. You can look in the cupboards to see what we've got. Buy anything we may need." With that he was gone.

A few minutes later, Tessa, watching through the window, saw him drive away.

She washed up the breakfast things still feeling bewildered by Tony Hollings' extraordinary behaviour, and as soon as she'd finished she went to find Mrs. Kenton.

"Hullo, dear," Mrs. Kenton said. "Settled in all right, I hope."

"Yes, thank you," Tessa replied, "but I wondered . . . that is . . . well, it's about Mr. Hollings."

To page 46



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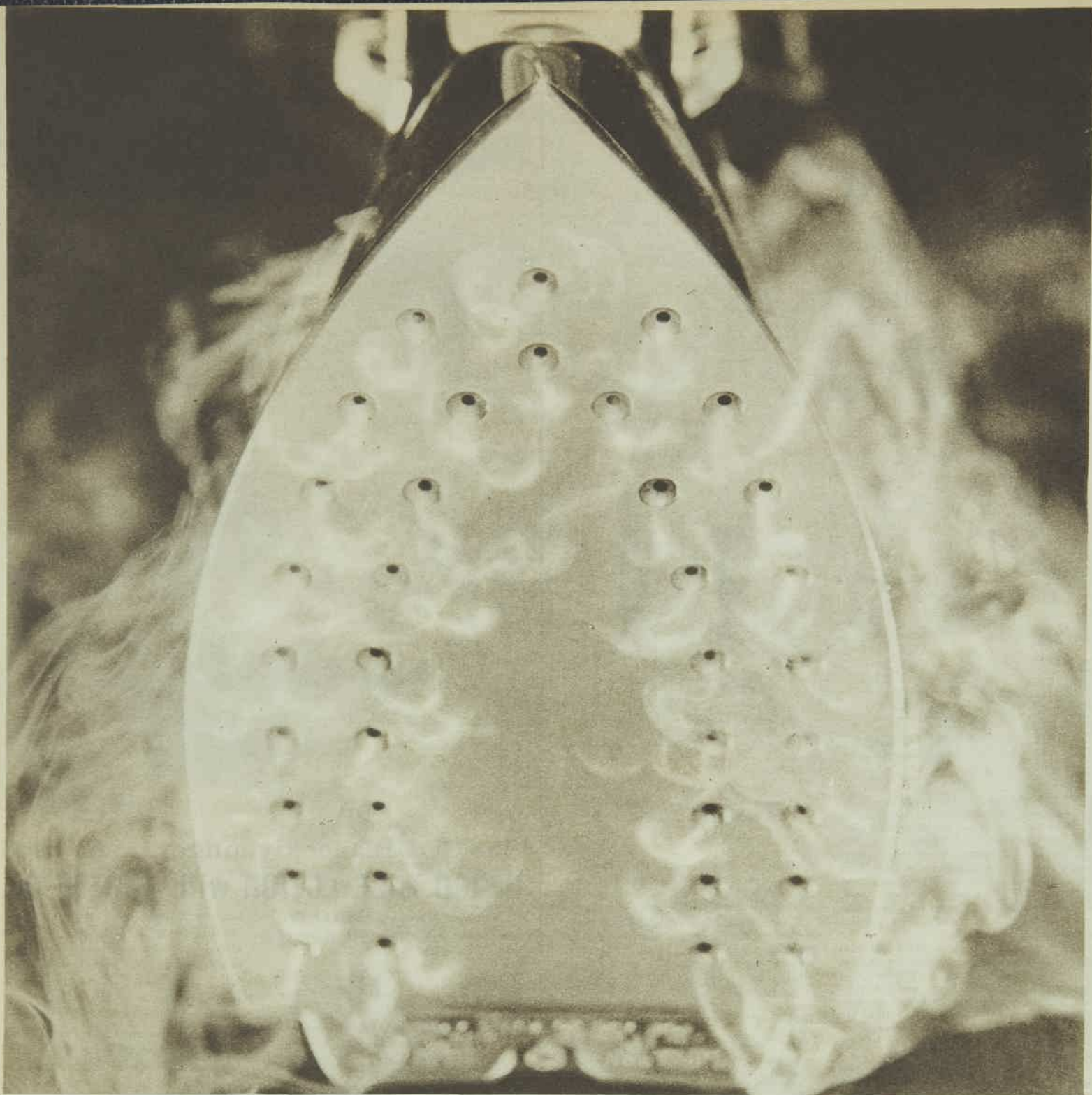
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THE FINE ART . . .

● Lest anyone doubt that there's an art, time, place, and a definite method for scratching, his or her mind may be changed by this interview with Dr. Samuel Ayres Jr., chairman of the American Medical Association Section of Dermatology.

By HOWARD G. EARL

TO what sources, Dr. Ayres, do you attribute some of your statements regarding the history of scratching?

There are innumerable sources if one cares to delve a bit into ancient times. In Plato's "Dialogues," Socrates frequently mentions scratching as a fine source of pleasure. In fact, one might say pleasure bordering on ecstasy.

He also pointed out there are two sides to the problem, both pleasure and sometimes pain if the scratching is too severe.

Then again, Scotsmen still say, "God bless the Duke of Argyle," when they scratch themselves or others scratch, much as many say "gesund-heit" when someone sneezes.

● What occasioned this tribute to the Duke of Argyle?

Quite a legitimate reason, I would say. At least, according to legend, an ancient Duke of Argyle noted cattle attempting to scratch their jaws and other parts of their bodies they were able to reach with their hoofs.

The thought occurred to the Duke that there must be other parts of the animals' bodies which itched and which they were unable to accommodate with their hoofs. So he erected posts for itching cattle to rub against. The herdsmen found them handy, too, for scratching their backs.

I'm sure you've seen cattle, horses, sheep, pigs, and other

livestock on farms, even dogs and cats, rubbing up against a fence or some other type of post to scratch a particular part of the body.

Yes, and I've seen men, too, rubbing their backs against a post or some other object when their wives weren't present to scratch an itching back. And, I might add, I've seen many a woman backing up to her husband to have an irritating itch scratched.

Itching has put many an inventive mind to work. The Chinese invented back-scratchers during the Ming dynasty (14th century).

In the 16th century Queen

caused an intense itch, especially under tension.

Often in the height of battle, he retreated behind the lines, threw himself upon the ground, ripped off his clothes, and commanded his aides to scratch him. They would work over him until the blood flowed and he would urge them on, crying: "Harder! Harder! As if you were currying a donkey."

Napoleon's itching condition frequently caused him humiliation at some of the most important crises of his career.

Reuben Friedman, in his book, "The Emperor's Itch," believes that Napoleon's

washed out in the first washing.

But when the shorts were worn before being washed first, dermatitis would result in some areas covered by the shorts.

Some women are allergic to dyes in nylon hose and other clothing. There are moth-proofing substances to which some people are allergic.

In fact, so many new materials which may cause itching are creeping into everyday use that it's practically impossible to keep up with them.

● Is there any condition of the body which, for instance, would necessitate sleeping under only silk sheets, rather than ones made of cotton or any other material?

I believe that white cotton is very unlikely to be a source of itching unless put through a process in laundering in which substances are left in the fabric.

Rubber is another common material that causes itching. Women sometimes develop an irritation from rubber girdles, or rubber gloves which they wear to protect their hands from irritating substances. I have not encountered any condition requiring silk sheets.

● You have been quoted as saying there is a difference between itchy skin and itching skin. How would you describe the difference?

Experimental work has been done to show that there are two phases. For example, the welt or weal of a mosquito bite is what we term itching skin.

But surrounding the bite is an area which is potentially itching and is called itchy skin.

This area doesn't itch spontaneously. However, if stimulated slightly by a light touch, a feather or something, then it takes on the quality of itching.

It also has been found that a vigorous stimulus to this surrounding area will abolish the itch or even a prick with a pin in the so-called area of "itchy skin," surrounding the itching skin, will eliminate the itching sensation.

● When aggravated by an itch or itching skin, what area of the irritation should be scratched?

In the case of a mosquito bite, always scratch around the bite but not over it. Avoiding scratching directly over the bite does away with the possibility of infection.

Besides, scratching around a mosquito bite, namely in the so-called area of the itchy skin, abolishes the itch

"Emperor's itch"

Elizabeth's courtiers introduced them as gifts to Elizabethan ladies. Innumerable types of back-scratchers have come into being because an itch stimulated the mind to action.

● There are some legends about Napoleon suffering from an itch. Did you find any information on this?

Pictures of Napoleon today usually show him in that familiar pose — the fingers of his right hand thrust inside his waistcoat. Many regarded this as a disguise for scratching.

This probably is not true, although he suffered from a chronic skin disease over a great number of years. This

pompous pose was a mannerism cultivated from early youth and had nothing to do with scratching.

● What causes an itch which requires scratching to relieve the irritation?

There are many causes, external and internal. I suppose that the act of scratching develops as a reflex to the itch stimulus.

Probably the main cause of an itch stimulus, at least historically, would be some sort of parasite on the skin surface, and the act of scratching would dislodge the parasite, or the flea, or whatever might be causing the aggravation.

Itching has become less frequent with the development of civilisation. Diseases caused by lice, the scabies mite, and mosquitoes have diminished with the advent of chemical agents to destroy them.

But there remain plenty of causes for itching, such as excessive bathing, dermatitis-producing plants, including poison ivy, poison oak, and many other irritants of varying types contacted in everyday living. Certain people are allergic to particular cosmetics, dyes or materials, and fabrics.

There are also many internal causes of itching, such as diabetes, impaired liver and kidney function, and certain malignant processes which may result in toxins that cause itching.

There are so many external and internal reasons for itching that the physician must determine the source, then take corrective measures.

● You mentioned certain fabrics as a provoker of itching? Would this include clothing?

Yes. A few years ago, men's shorts were treated with a synthetic resin which usually

● Duke of Argyle erected scratching posts for animals on his farm, a legend says, and found men were using them.



OF SCRATCHING

No one knows exactly what becomes of the itch when it is scratched

as effectively as scratching directly over the bite.

There is, however, a more effective way of dealing with an itch requiring scratching. Scratch over a wider area with a less severe object than your fingernails.

Stroke the area firmly with the palm of your hand, or brush lightly with a hairbrush. Encompassing a wider area eliminates the itch more effectively than scratching over the very small area that itches.

In fact, the use of fingernails can remove parts of the skin, resulting in injurious effects, and set in motion a vicious circle so the itching is perpetuated.

● **Has there been any research on why scratching relieves itching?**

The sensation of itching as well as pain, touch, and other sensations are believed to consist of electrical impulses travelling along certain nerves of the brain. No one knows exactly why scratching relieves itching, or what becomes of the itch when it is scratched.

Various theories have been advanced, but there is no unanimity of opinion.

One theory is that scratching or pricking the skin breaks up reverberating circuits in the segment of the spinal cord into which the impulses from the itching site pass.

● **What type of remedy would you recommend to a person suffering with an itch inaccessible for scratching?**

A number of years ago when I broke a leg that very problem started my research into the art of scratching.

I had to wear a hip-length cast for about six weeks. My orthopaedic surgeon was humane enough to leave a small opening in the cast over the knee and on each side of the ankle.

He didn't tell me the purpose of the openings. But it didn't take me long to learn that they enabled me to scratch at the source of itching, probably caused by wrinkles in the stockinet, crumbs of dry plaster, and hairs on the leg which seemed to grow longer. Then warm weather set in and the itching became intolerable.

I devised a method of relieving the itch by taking a wire coathanger and folding it, then inserting the blunt end in the opening in the cast over the knee, gently stroking the leg. This brought almost immediate relief, which would last several hours.

When the cast was removed there was no sign of injury to the skin.

● **Did you pass this information on to others?**

I did more than that. I became so interested in this problem that I sent question-

naires to 100 orthopaedic surgeons in the Los Angeles area.

I asked them if itching under a cast was a serious problem, if they were accustomed to leaving openings in the casts where a person might scratch, and, finally, what they did to relieve itching underneath a cast.

Replies came from about 75 percent of those queried. Of these, more than 60 percent didn't feel that itching under casts was a problem.

Most either ignored it or treated their patients with loving care. A few blew air under the cast with bicycle pumps or vacuum-cleaners, some dusted powder under the cast, several inserted a gauze strip under the cast so that a patient pulling it up and down could obtain some kind of relief.

Among the replies received were reports of four patients who devised their own method of scratching, and of these two had applied the method of the folded wire coathanger. I'm sorry I didn't patent the idea.

● **Have you found any psychiatric condition connected with itching?**

Psychiatrists have at times interpreted itching on the basis of repressed emotions. The scratching releases the tensions and simultaneously satisfies a guilt complex.

Some psychiatrists feel there is a masochistic undertone. Of course, there are patients also who get into the habit of scratching themselves because they have a crawling feeling on their skin and misinterpret this for an infestation of parasites — called delusions of parasitosis.

These people frequently come into the office with specimens which they demand be looked at. Usually they are nothing more than bits of dry skin, blood clots, bits of fibre, or some other substance unrelated to any actual disease or ailment.

● **A cowboy's spurs rolling over an itching back may give relief. It also may cause an infection.**

● **The bent end of a wire coathanger makes an ideal tool for scratching an itch on a limb encased in a cast.**

● **Would you say scratching sometimes is necessary because of a skin reaction?**

I wouldn't say exactly that. I would say that scratching is a physiological response to a stimulus, namely the itch stimulus.

It's very much like coughing as a normal response to something lodged in the throat, or yawning as a logical response to being sleepy. The yawn is an attempt to secure greater ventilation. Likewise, then, scratching is a normal response to a stimulus.

With reasonable limits, I think scratching can be done without injuring the skin.

quate number of oil glands, which under average conditions will keep the skin well lubricated.

Some people, however, have drier skins than others, and in any skin excessive bathing removes the natural oils, causing the skin to become dry and itchy.

At first there is a little redness, a bit of flaking, and perhaps some chapping. If this is not stopped or corrected, and excessive bathing continues, the skin may become sufficiently dry to develop a real eczema.

● **Is there any connection between aging and itching?**

Age does have an effect

eczema - hay - fever - asthma complex.

The exact cause of the defect is not known, but these people tend to become sensitive to foods or to pollens, or to many substances like cat and dog hair, the hair of other animals, and feathers of various fowls.

They may be afflicted from time to time, and develop itching eruptions. This is called atopic dermatitis.

Such people may have eczema, hives, asthma, or hay fever. These conditions are related, but they are different from the external causes of itching.

While these internally caused sensitivities can't be cured, they can be ameliorated and the patients can live normal lives.

Certain chemicals

● **Would variation in climate cause an itchy or itching skin?**

Yes. A dry climate, especially where there are winds, will dry the skin and cause people to itch more than a humid climate. It dries out the skin, causing what is called winter itch or pruritus hiemalis.

There's also what you might call a physiological itching, which is caused mainly by changes of pressures on the skin or changes of temperature.

For instance, after you remove clothing at night there is apt to be a little itching, especially on the back. That can be remedied easily by a few strokes of a brush.

The usual type of itching, however, is believed to be due to the release in the skin of certain chemicals which stimulate nerve terminals that ordinarily convey the pain sense.

It is believed a light stimulus of these nerve terminals will cause a sensation of itching, whereas a heavy or sharp stimulus will cause a sensation of pain.

How can bathing too frequently bring about an itch?

Most people have an ade-

quate number of oil glands, which under average conditions will keep the skin well lubricated.

on itching. As a person gets into middle life, or old age, the skin is drier than in youth and is more easily irritated by excessive bathing.

The older person, therefore, should bathe less frequently, having just a one-minute shower with soap only in the necessary places.

● **Do cosmetics cause an itch in some people?**

I do not know of any cosmetic which may not be capable of causing an allergy in some individuals.

Most manufacturers are keenly aware of this problem. They usually do extensive tests before their products are placed on the market.

Despite these precautions, individuals do become allergic. Sensitivity to nail polish, for instance, may cause a dermatitis of the face or eyelids from contact with the lacquered nails.

Perfumes, colognes, skin lotions, face creams, any of the hair dyes and hair sprays, and hair tonics are capable of inducing dermatitis or itching in certain people.

● **Would eating a food to which a person was allergic cause itching?**

It certainly would. Some people are born with a tendency to develop the so-called

● **Do you know of cases where high blood pressure may cause itching?**

It is more likely in cases of kidney damage where some of the waste products are not properly eliminated. Kidney damage often is associated with high blood pressure, and under those conditions, where waste products are retained, there may be itching.

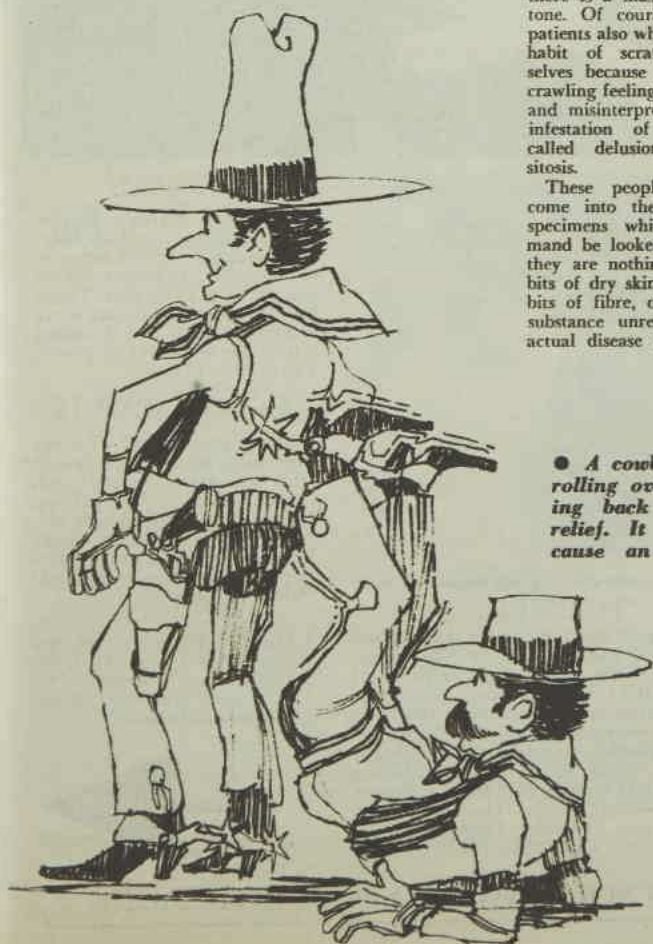
Of course, the conditions, physiologically and psychologically, which may cause itching are many. It's up to your doctor to track down the cause and use the proper medication.

● **Would you briefly summarise what is the best procedure in case of an itch?**

Scratching is a more or less natural reflex action to an itch stimulus of the skin and probably serves certain useful functions and, therefore, is not to be altogether condemned.

If the desire to scratch becomes overwhelming, avoid scratching with the fingernails, which may cause abrasions, secondary infection, and lead to a cycle of more itching and more scratching.

● **From "Today's Health," published by the American Medical Association.**





DANDRUFF YOUR PROBLEM? OILY OR DRY?
Now for the first time 2 separate treatments...one for each problem!

HEADLINES ON HAIR BEAUTY

by Anne Bryant,
Hair Beauty Consultant

Dandruff is a problem. Many people have it, everyone hates it, yet few of us know what it really is—or do more than sigh and brush it away from our shoulders.

Dandruff is a warning—the very first flake tells that the scalp is in poor condition and the hair is in need of help. And now there is help—with L'Oreal of Paris dandruff treatments. Because dandruff can be oily or dry, and no one treatment can cope with both conditions, L'Oreal of Paris have developed two formulations—'TRAITAL 3' for dry dandruff and 'TRAITAL 4' for oily dandruff.

What's your problem? If it's dry dandruff, 'TRAITAL 3' will bring immediate relief, lathering away loose scurf and leaving the scalp clean and healthy. If it's oily dandruff, the rich lather of 'TRAITAL 4' will penetrate the scalp, washing away dandruff and regulating the secretion of excess hair oils.

Easy to use? But of course! Simply lather on and watch 'TRAITAL' get to work, removing that loose scurf and floating it clear away.

'TRAITAL 3' and 'TRAITAL 4' are priced at only 12/6 (\$1.25) each.

Between treatments use the shampoo that's specially designed for your particular hair type. For normal to oily hair, there's L'Oreal of Paris 'LATHER-ONCE', a wonderful soapless shampoo so rich you need only lather once for squeak-clean results. If your hair is dry, use L'Oreal of Paris 'CAIRE SHAMPOO', which contains unique enriching and nourishing ingredients to condition and leave the hair soft and silky.

'LATHER-ONCE' is priced at 6/6 (65c) per bottle; 1/9 (18c) per bubble.

'CAIRE SHAMPOO' is priced at 7/6 (75c).

For further hair care advice, see the L'Oreal consultant at your favourite pharmacy or department store—or write to me, Anne Bryant, Nicholas Marigny Hair Beauty Advisory Service, 699 Warrigal Road, Chadstone, Victoria.

Anne Bryant



NM65/3333

'TRAITAL 3' 'TRAITAL 4'

for dry dandruff

for oily dandruff



Shining beauty for damaged hair . . .

'KIRONE-R'

If your hair is dry, brittle, unmanageable, or dull and limp, without vitality, use L'Oreal of Paris 'KIRONE-R'. This rich, nutritive hair beauty treatment feeds your damaged hair, restores body and bounce, leaves it silky soft and so very manageable!

Try a 60-second treatment of 'KIRONE-R' today—you'll love it. So will your hair. Price 3/6 (35c) and 9/6 (95c)



For a complete and lasting colour change!

'TINTETTE'

A permanent tint for grey or dull, fading hair, which will cover up to 75% grey. Restores natural, youthful colour or gives exciting new colour. 'TINTETTE' has a built-in colour control—you can't go lighter or darker than the shade you choose. Twelve true-to-natural colours: Jet Black, Darkest Brown, Dark Brown Auburn, Dark Brown, Mid Brown, Brown, Light Chestnut, Light Golden Brown, Light Brown, Blonde, Golden Blonde, Light Blonde. Only 12/6 (\$1.25)

'COLORAL'

Temporary Colour Rinse. Adds highlights to drab hair; gives ashen or pastel tones to blonde hair; banishes yellow from grey or white hair! There are so many wonderful ways to use 'COLORAL' and it washes out at the very first shampoo. Price 10/- (\$1)

'COLOR MATCH'

Lathers grey away! If stray grey hairs appear, too few to tint, too many to pull out, 'COLOR-MATCH' will blend them to your own natural hair colour. No one will guess what's happened, they'll only notice how much younger you look! Price 9/6 (95c)

L'Oreal of Paris products are manufactured in Australia for Nicholas Marigny Pty. Ltd., 699 Warrigal Road, Chadstone, Victoria.

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TRADE MARK

L'ORÉAL OF PARIS OFFERS YOU A WORLD OF HAIR BEAUTY

MAKE YOUR OWN CHRISTMAS TOYS

Presented by
The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

RUFUS THE
TERRIER

BUTCH THE
BULLDOG

PENELOPE THE
POODLE

MONTAGUE THE DANDY

★ ● You can buy patterns to make ★
★ the seven engaging toy dogs, the ★
★ two attractive dolls, and the dolls' ★
★ complete wardrobe shown in this ★
★ booklet. Diagrams of the pattern ★
★ pieces and directions for making ★
★ up all the toys are given inside. ★

OUR TOY DOGS

1. Montague and Rufus

(Picture, page 1)

MONTAGUE THE DANDY

Materials: Half yd. 54in. black-and-white checked lightweight wool; kapok; scraps of black grosgrain, gold wool fabric, red embroidery silk. For collar and boutonniere, 4in. x 12in. strip of white pique, scrap of red cotton, and a green pipe cleaner.

To Make: Matching checks on adjoining pattern pieces, cut body sides, underbody, head sides, backs and front, hind legs, ears, and tail.

Pin and sew together two body sides along back seam from neck to A, at front seam from neck to B. Seam sides to underbody, matching As, legs, Bs, and necks. Fold and sew darts on legs of underbody; trim excess fabric. Trim seams, clip at corners and turn; stuff firmly.

Pin and sew together two head sides from C to D. Sew head front to sides, matching Ds and necks. Join two head backs along centre back seam; sew to head sides, matching Cs and necks. Trim seams, clip at corners; turn and stuff.

Pin head to body, following picture on page 1 for position. Add more stuffing if necessary; turn under neck edge of head and sew firmly.

Seam pairs of hind legs, leaving opening. Trim seams, turn, stuff leg, and sew opening. Pin legs in place to balance weight of head, then sew.

Seam pairs of ears; trim and turn. Fold under raw edges and sew to head. Seam tail; trim, turn, and stuff. Sew to back 1in. above A.

Follow nose pattern to cut black grosgrain. Tuck to fit, turn in raw edges, and sew. For

eyes, applique gold wool ovals about 1/4in. wide and 1/2in. long. Couch-stitch mouth in red embroidery silk.

For collar, cut pique into two 1 1/2in.-wide strips. Seam one long edge and ends with 1/4in. seam; turn. Sew open edge. Sew collar to neck seam; turn down ends at front and back. For boutonniere, cut a 1in. x 20in. red cotton strip. Fold crosswise; gather one long edge tightly and tack to bent pipe cleaner; fringe top edge. Tack to dog.

RUFUS THE TERRIER

Note: Rufus is made from the same pattern as Montague.

Materials: Half yard 54in. gold lightweight wool fabric;

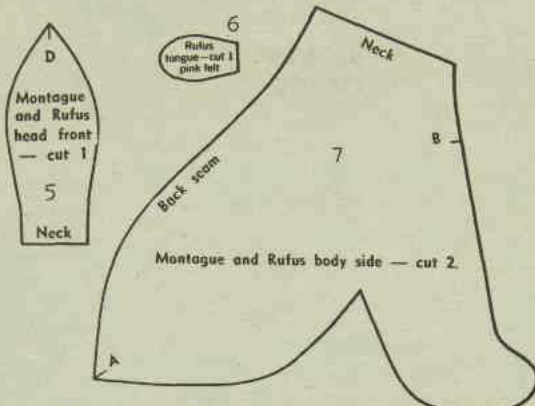
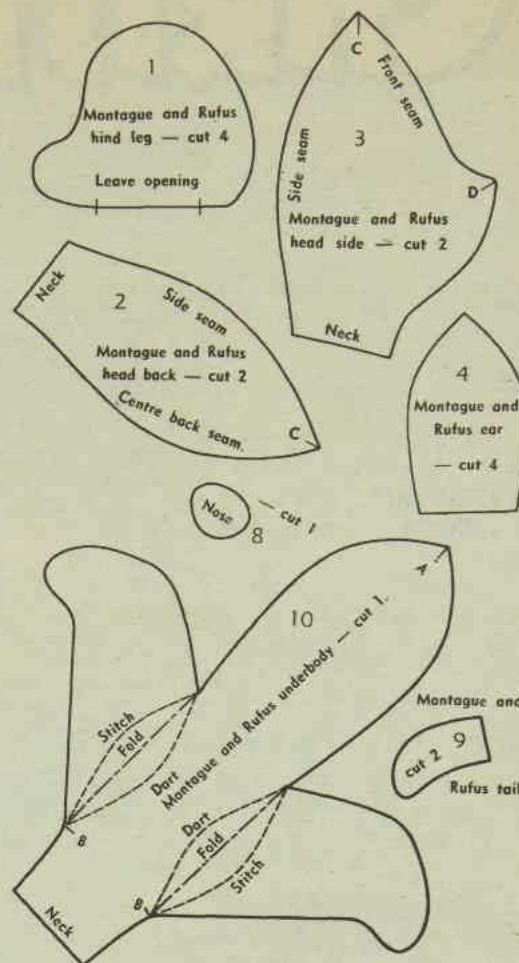
kapok; 1oz. gold-colored mohair yarn; scraps of olive and pink felt, black satin, and dull green embroidery silk.

Following patterns and directions for Montague, cut wool fabric; sew, stuff, and assemble terrier, following picture on page 1 for position of head.

For nose, follow pattern to cut green felt; applique; outline-stitch the mouth with embroidery silk. Follow terrier pattern to cut pink felt tongue; sew in place. Applique 1/4in. x 1/2in. satin ovals for eyes.

For tousled coat, fold mohair and thread a long length in a large yarn darning needle; beginning about 2in. above front foot, sew 1 1/2in. loops to leg, hold with a short stitch. Continue covering front legs, chest, neck, back, and hind legs. Cover tail with 1/2in. loops. Sew 2in. loops to head and face, a few 6in. loops across bridge of nose for whiskers.

Bend ears forward, curl tips and tack down.



2. BASIL THE BASSET HOUND

(Picture, page 4)

Materials: One and a quarter yds. of 36in. blue-green cotton fabric and 1/2yd. coral-pink cotton fabric (for coat); kapok; scraps of dark green velvet, spotted cotton fabric (for nose), red embroidery silk; 1 1/2yds. dark green bias tape, 1in. wide; 1yd. dark green rick-rack braid; 1 snap fastener.

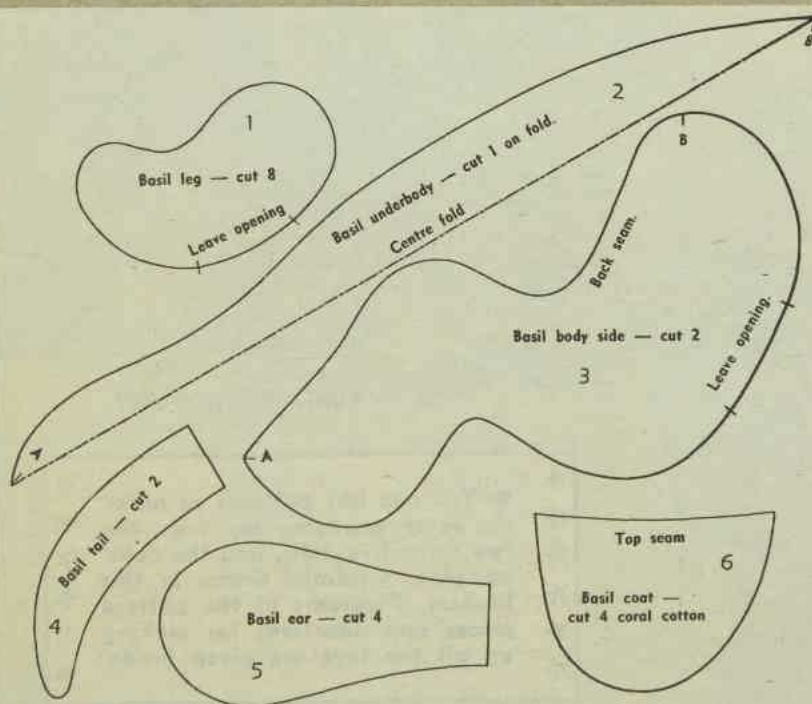
To Make: From green cotton cut body sides, underbody, legs, ears, and tail. Pin and sew together two body sides along back seam from A to B. Seam sides to underbody from A to B, leaving an opening. Trim seams; turn. Stuff firmly and sew opening closed.

Sew together pairs of legs, leaving an opening. Trim, turn, and stuff; sew opening closed. Pin legs to body so they support it; sew securely in place.

Sew together pairs of ears, leaving straight ends open; trim and turn. Fold in raw edges; pleat and sew to head about 1/2in. from centre seam. Sew together tail pieces; trim and turn. Stuff and sew to B on back.

For nose, cut a dotted oval 2 1/2in. x 3 1/2in. Fit over nose and seam. Turn under raw edges 1/2in. and sew in place. Applique 1 1/2in. x 2in. velvet ovals for eyes. Outline-stitch the red embroidery silk mouth.

Coat: From coral cotton cut 4 pieces, following pattern. Pin and stitch pairs together along top seam. Wrong sides together, baste together along outer edge. Bind edge with tape, then stitch rick-rack braid round it. For strap under body, cut two 12in. lengths of tape; top-stitch together. Sew one end of strap to coat; fasten other with snap.



3. Penelope the poodle

(Picture on page 1)

Materials: Half yard 36in. coral-pink cotton fabric; kapok; 3 balls coral-pink boucle wool; scraps of blue cotton tweed, black grosgrain, yellow felt, and red embroidery silk.

To Make: From cotton cut body sides, underbody, head front and sides, ears, and tail. Pin and sew together two body sides along back seam from neck to A. Sew sides to underbody, matching necks, legs, and As. Fold and sew darts on legs, of underbody; trim excess fabric. Trim seams; clip at corners; turn and stuff very firmly.

Pin and sew two head sides along top and back seam, from B to neck. Sew head front to sides, matching Bs and necks. Trim seams; turn and stuff.

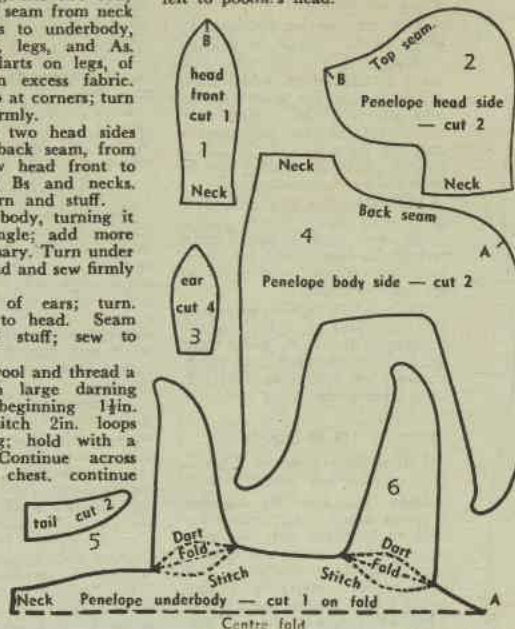
Pin head to body, turning it to a jaunty angle; add more stuffing if necessary. Turn under neck edge of head and sew firmly to body.

Seam pairs of ears; turn. Pleat and sew to head. Seam tail; turn and stuff; sew to back at A.

Fold boucle wool and thread a long length in large darning needle and, beginning 1½in. above foot, stitch 2in. loops round each leg; hold with a short stitch. Continue across shoulders and chest, continue

round face, neck, and top of head, add to outside of ears. Sew loops round hindquarters and to tip of tail.

For features, fit black grosgrain over nose, and seam; applique in place. For eyes sew on blue ovals about ½in. wide and ¼in. long; outline-stitch the mouth with embroidery silk. Tack a tailored bow of yellow felt to poodle's head.



Materials: Five-eighths yard 36in. red-and-yellow patterned calico; kapok; scraps of black grosgrain, gold and yellow felt; shiny black ½in. button with shank.

To Make: From calico cut body sides, underbody, ears, and tail.

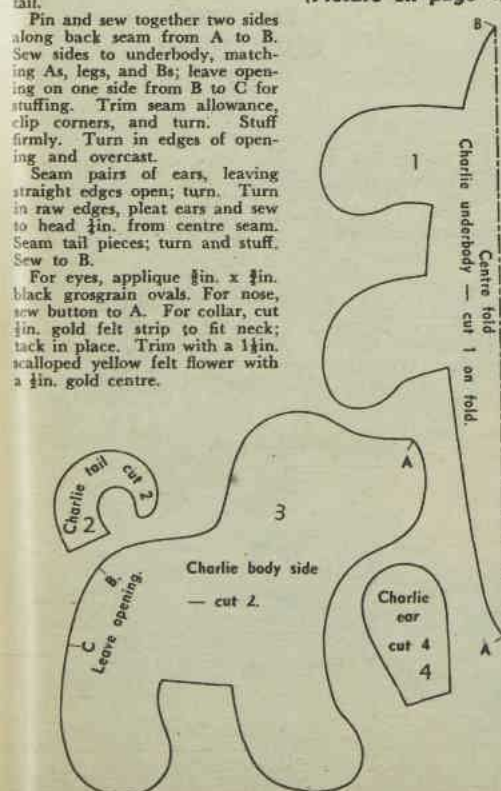
Pin and sew together two sides along back seam from A to B. Sew sides to underbody, matching As, legs, and Bs; leave opening on one side from B to C for stuffing. Trim seam allowance, clip corners, and turn. Stuff firmly. Turn in edges of opening and overcast.

Seam pairs of ears, leaving straight edges open; turn. Turn in raw edges, pleat ears and sew to head ½in. from centre seam. Seam tail pieces; turn and stuff. Sew to B.

For eyes, applique ½in. x ½in. black grosgrain ovals. For nose, sew button to A. For collar, cut ½in. gold felt strip to fit neck; tack in place. Trim with a ½in. scalloped yellow felt flower with a ½in. gold centre.

4. Charlie the calico canine

(Picture on page 4)



Materials: Three-eighths yard 54in. green wool jersey; kapok; scraps of pink felt and red embroidery silk; two ½in. red buttons; ½yd. yellow felt; toy bell.

To Make: From jersey cut both body sides, underbody, head front and sides, ears, and tail. Pin and sew together two body sides along back seam from neck to A. Sew sides to underbody, matching legs and As. Fold and sew darts on legs of underbody. Trim seam allowance and clip at corners; turn. Stuff firmly with kapok.

Pin and sew two head sides along top seam from B to neck. Sew head front to sides, matching Bs and necks. Trim seams; turn and stuff.

Pin head to body, adding more stuffing if necessary. Turn under neck edge of head and sew firmly to body.

Seam pair of ears; turn. Turn in raw edges; pleat and sew to head. Seam tail; turn and stuff. Sew to back at A. Applique ½in. pink felt disc for nose; outline-stitch the mouth with embroidery silk; sew on buttons for eyes. Tie felt round neck, attach bell.

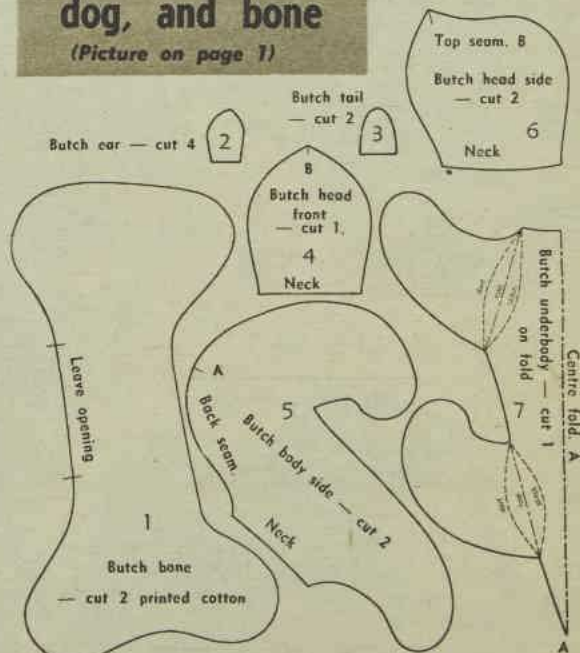
BUTCH'S BONE

Materials: Quarter yd. 36in. printed cotton; kapok.

Cut two pieces for bone. Seam pieces, leaving an opening for stuffing. Turn, stuff; sew closed.

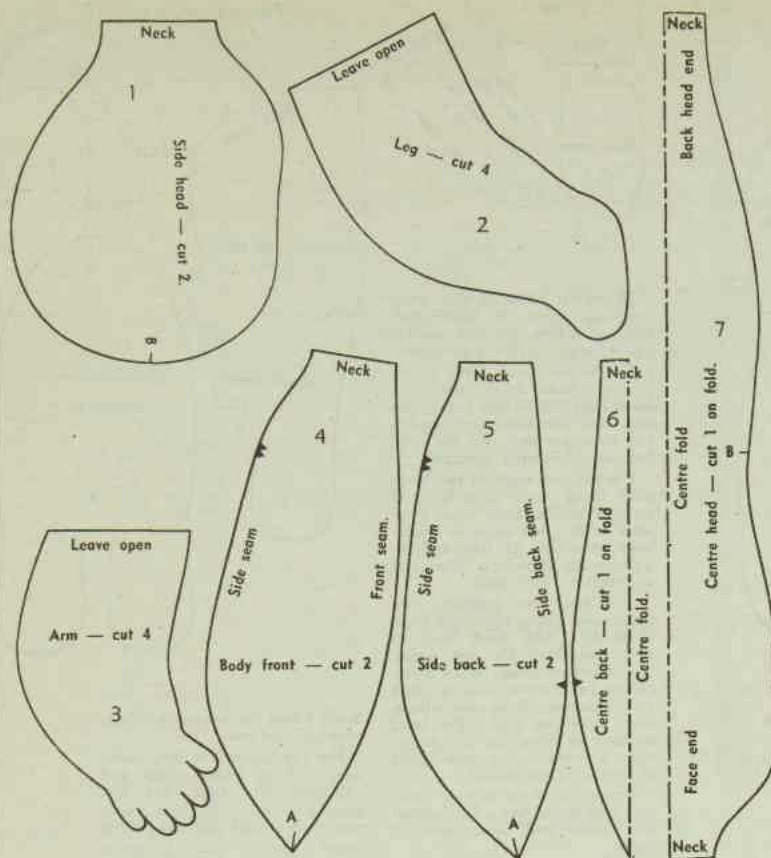
6. Butch the bulldog, and bone

(Picture on page 1)



1. TWO RAG DOLLS

● Redhead and Cry Baby, the two dolls shown opposite and on page 8, are made from the same pattern, can wear each other's clothes, and are 18in. high. Directions and diagrams below.



General Directions: The two dolls are cut from the same pattern and made in the same way except for the angle of head, individual features, and color of hair.

Patterns can be obtained by filling in the coupon on page 7.

Always add seam allowance when cutting fabric. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ in. for organdie, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. for other cottons, and $\frac{3}{4}$ in. for wool. When two pieces are cut from one pattern and the right side of the fabric differs from the wrong, reverse pattern to cut second piece.

Materials: For one doll, $\frac{3}{4}$ yd. 36in. pink firmly woven cotton fabric; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. kapok; scraps of light-weight mohair yarn for hair, fabric for eyes, embroidery thread for other features.

There are 7 pattern pieces: 1, side head (cut 2); 2, leg (cut 4); 3, arm (cut 4); 4, body front (cut 2); 5, side back (cut 2); 6, centre back (cut 1 on fold); 7, centre head (cut 1 on fold).

TO MAKE

Follow pattern to cut 7 pieces from pink firmly woven cotton.

Body: Pin and sew together 2 fronts along front seam from neck to A. Seam each side back to centre back along centre-back seams, matching notches. Join front to back, matching As and notches and leaving neck open. Trim seams, clip at curves. Turn, stuff firmly.

Head: Seam side pieces to centre piece, matching Bs and leaving neck open for stuffing. Trim seams, clip at curves. Turn, stuff firmly.

Arms: Seam 2 pieces for each, stitching twice around hand to prevent fraying and leaving top of arm open. Clip fingers carefully and trim seams; turn. Stuff hand lightly and arm firmly. Turn in and overcast top edges. Outline fingers with hand stitching; curl toward palm and tack.

Legs: Seam 2 pieces for each, leaving top open. Trim seam; turn. Stuff firmly; turn in top edges and overcast.

TO ASSEMBLE

Pin head to neck of body, following picture opposite for its angle on either doll. Add more stuffing if necessary; turn under seam allowance and sew with small, strong stitches. With arms curving upward, pin them to side seams of body; sew securely. With feet turned outward, pin legs to bottom seam of body; sew securely.

Features and Hair: Eyes are $9/16$ in. x $11/16$ in. applied fabric ovals on both dolls: light turquoise for Cry Baby and royal blue for Redhead. For noses, outline-stitch small pink circles; for mouths, outline-stitch with red embroidery thread, following pictures opposite for expressions. On Cry Baby's cheek, embroider a pale blue teardrop.

For hair, sew 2in. loops of mohair yarn in circle round point B on head; sew another circle round the first. Following picture opposite, trim some loops for wispy effect, and cut bangs. Use reddish-brown yarn for Redhead and yellow for Cry Baby.



CHARLIE THE CALICO CANINE
(see page 3)

BASIL THE BASSET HOUND
(see page 2)

WILLIE THE TERRY POOCH
(see page 3).



REDHEAD WEARING THE UNDERWEAR SET

(see page 6)

CRY BABY WEARING THE PYJAMAS

(see page 7)

2. Green dress, bootees, slip, coat, and hat

(Shown at left and right)

GREEN DRESS, SLIP, BOOTEES

Materials: Dress and slip, 1yd. 42in. pale green organdie (use the left-over scraps for green hat); white embroidery thread; 2yd. 1/2in. lace (optional for slip); four snap-fasteners. Bootees, 6in. x 6in. felt scrap.

There are three pattern pieces: 1, bootees (cut 4 in felt); 2, dress (front — cut 1 on fold, back — cut 2 on centre back line); 3, slip and facing (cut 2 on fold).

TO MAKE

Dress: Follow pattern and add 1/2in. for seam allowance. Cut two 2in. x 9in. strips for sleeves.

Stitch five 1/2in. tucks at each shoulder at front and back, press tucks toward sides. Seam shoulders. Trim seams, overcast. Fold under 1/2in. along each centre back, following dotted line. Stitch. Cut 1/2in. wide bias strip the length of neck. Right sides together, stitch to neck. Trim seam, turn so 1/2in. of strip shows on right side, hem down.

Gather both long edges of each sleeve. Sew one edge to armhole with most of fullness at shoulder area. Fit other edge to doll. Bind

Continued overleaf



3. UNDERWEAR, BIB

(Picture on page 5)

Materials: Diaper, 9in. square of cotton flannel or other fabric. Shirt, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. white cotton; pastel thread (optional); two snap fasteners. Slip, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. white cotton or fabric to match dress; $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. lace if lace trim used; two snap fasteners or two buttons. Bib, two 6in. squares of dress fabric; $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. narrow-width lace, plus small motif cut from wider scrap; button.

There are four pattern pieces: 1, diaper (cut 1 on fold); 2, bib (cut 2 on fold); 3, slip and facing (cut 2 of each on fold); 4, shirt and facing (cut 2 of each on fold).

TO MAKE

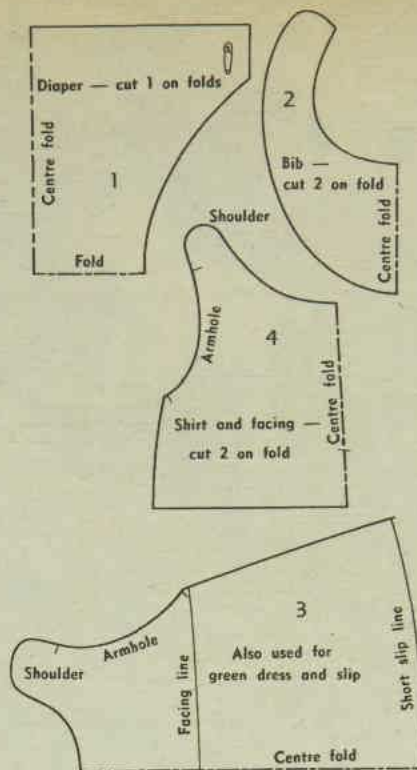
Diaper: Follow pattern and cut fabric without adding seam allowance. Edges can be cut with pinking shears or overcast by machine or hand.

Bib: Follow pattern to cut fabric pieces. Right sides together, seam pieces, leaving an opening for turning. Turn, overcast opening. Sew lace near edge,

applique motif to centre. Fasten bib with button and thread loop.

Slip: Follow pattern to cut facing and slip. If using ornamental tucks round bottom hem, cut slip required amount longer. Hem lower edges of facing. Right sides together, stitch facing to armholes, shoulders, and neck of slip pieces; turn; seam one side. Hem lower edge and sew on lace if using lace trim, or make tucks if desired. Seam open side. Fit to doll, overlapping tabs; sew snap fasteners or buttons and buttonholes to shoulders.

Shirt: Follow pattern to cut shirt and facing. Pin and sew together side seams of shirt, repeat for facing. Right sides together, stitch facing to shirt round armholes, shoulders, and neck. Trim seam; turn. Turn in lower edges and top-stitch together. With pastel thread, work decorative machine-stitching round edges and bow design at front. Fit shirt to doll; sew snap fasteners to shoulders.



GREEN DRESS, BOOTEES, HAT, COAT, SLIP.

... from page 5

with $\frac{1}{2}$ in. bias strip. Stitch underarm and dress side as one. Hem dress skirt. Sew two snap fasteners to back opening. Embroider design on dress front, using one strand of thread. Work outline stitch for stems, lazy daisy for petals and leaves, french knots for dots.

Slip: Follow slip pattern to cut organdie front and back, adding $\frac{1}{2}$ in. for seam allowances. If using ornamental tucks round bottom cut slip required amount longer. Cut facing pieces full length because of sheerness of fabric.

Pin and sew together side seams of slip. Repeat for facing. With right sides together, stitch facing to slip at armholes, shoulders, and neck. Trim seams and turn. At lower edges turn in organdie. Check length with dress and top-stitch lower edges. If finishing hem with lace, sew lace to slip so it extends about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. below its hem. Fasten shoulders with snap fasteners.

Bootees: Follow pattern to cut 4 pieces, adding $\frac{1}{2}$ in. seam allowance. Sew 2 pieces for each bootie. Trim seam, turn. Top

edges can be trimmed with pinking shears or left plain.

GREEN COAT AND HAT

Materials for both: Three-quarters yd. of 36in. lightweight pale green wool; $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. matching lining for coat; organdie for hat (scraps from green dress); $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. $\frac{1}{2}$ in. green velvet ribbon.

There are 8 pattern pieces: 4, coat side front (cut 2 wool, 2 lining); 5, coat back (cut 1 wool on fold, 1 lining); 6, coat sleeve (cut 4 wool, 4 lining); 7, hat

centre piece (cut 1 wool and lining on fold); 8, coat collar (cut 2 wool); 9, hat brim (cut 2 organdie); 10, hat side (cut 2 wool and lining); 11, coat front (cut 2 wool, 2 lining).

TO MAKE

Coat: Follow pattern to cut coat back, side fronts, fronts and sleeves from wool and lining; cut collar from wool.

Stitch each wool front to each side front at side seams. On right side, fold seams, top-stitch. Stitch shoulders together. Following pattern, fold and top-stitch two lines at back; bring lines together, stitch to make inverted pleat from neck to A.

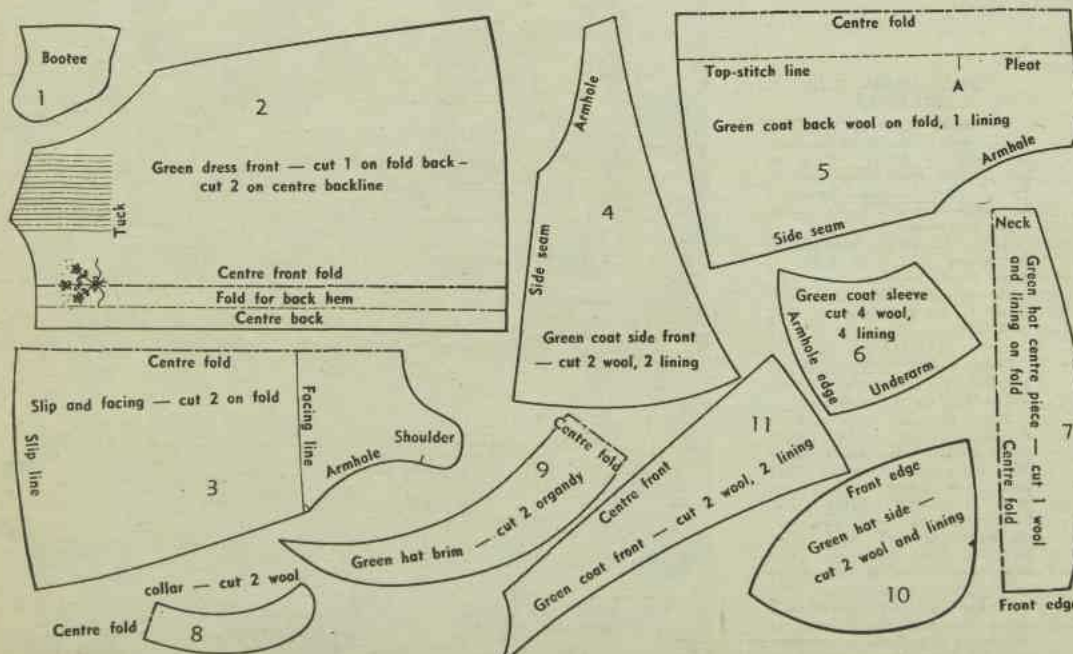
Seam 2 wool sleeve pieces at top edge. Sew to coat armhole. Seam underarm and coat side as one.

Sew lining back and fronts, same as coat, omitting top stitching. Right sides together, seam lining to coat at front edges and bottom, leaving neck open. Turn; top-stitch front edges. Seam top and underarm edges of sleeve lining. Insert in sleeve; hem to armhole and wrist edges.

Seam collar pieces at outer edges; turn. Stitch top layer of collar to coat lining, with right sides together; turn; hem underlayer of collar to outside.

Hat: Follow pattern to cut 2 sides and centre from wool, lining from organdie; cut brim pieces from organdie.

Seam wool sides to centre; on right side, fold seams and top-stitch. Seam lining pieces; pin inside hat. Seam brims along outer edge; trim seams, turn. Right sides together, stitch one open edge of brim to hat and lining; hem free brim edge to hat lining on inside. Hem back neck. Sew ribbon over brim seam; tack ribbon bow at back neck.



● To obtain patterns for the toy dogs, basic doll, and doll's clothes in this booklet, fill in the coupons at right, and post them with postal note, money order, or cheque to the address at top of first coupon.

Color pictures in this booklet by staff photographer Barry Cullen.

To: PATTERN SERVICE, BOX 4, P.O., CROYDON, N.S.W.		Send me the patterns ticked ✓.	
I enclose _____ in postal notes		DOLL AND DOLL'S CLOTHES	
Name	1. Basic Doll <input type="checkbox"/>	5. Playsuit and Bonnet <input type="checkbox"/>	
Street	2. Green Dress, Bootees, Slip, Coat, and Hat <input type="checkbox"/>	6. Pyjamas <input type="checkbox"/>	
Town	3. Underwear and Bib <input type="checkbox"/>	TOY DOGS	
State	4. Smocked Dress, Bloomers, and Bonnet <input type="checkbox"/>	1. Montague and Rufus <input type="checkbox"/>	
		2. Basil <input type="checkbox"/>	
		3. Penelope <input type="checkbox"/>	
		4. Charlie <input type="checkbox"/>	
		5. Willie <input type="checkbox"/>	
		6. Butch <input type="checkbox"/>	
Patterns 1/6 each, including postage, or any 6 patterns for 7/-, including postage.			

Step 1: With thread above needle, take a stitch in and out of next dot at right; pull thread tight, gathering fabric. Step 2: With thread below needle, take a stitch in and out of following dot at right. Repeat steps 1 and 2 to fit doll's chest, ending 1in. from right edge. Work 4 lines of smocking about 1in. apart.

Repeat smocking for back pieces, leaving 1in. unsmocked at back opening. Arrange pleats evenly above smocking; baste along top edge of front and back.

Fit smocked pieces on doll, pinning sides and shoulders. Shape shoulders and neck. Baste pleats again at neck; seam shoulders and hem back opening. Fit again, cut armholes about 3in. deep from shoulders. For each sleeve, cut 1 1/2in. x 7in. strip; gather one long edge, placing most of fullness at centre; stitch to armhole. Taper outside edge so sleeve has 1 1/2in. underarm; gather edge to fit doll, bind with narrow bias strip. Stitch underarm and dress side as one.

For peter pan collar, follow pattern to cut 4 pieces. Seam

pairs, leaving inner edges open. Right sides together, sew both layers to neck. Face seams with narrow bias strip. Hem dress; sew buttons and loops to back opening.

Bloomers: Cut 6in. x 20in. strip of dress fabric. Stitch 1/2in. casing along each 20in. edge for elastic. Seam short edges together up to upper casing.

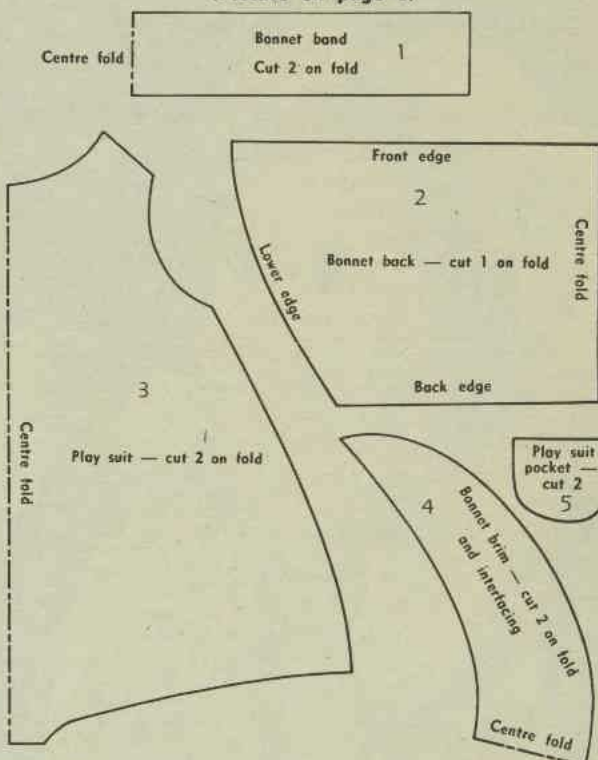
Fit bloomers to doll with seam at back; pin and shape curved crotch seam extending 1/2in. up from lower edges; stitch, cut away excess fabric. Insert elastic in all casings; sew together elastic ends, completing back seam along top casing.

Bonnet: Follow pattern to cut side and back from dress fabric. (Cut lining from scrap fabric, if desired.) Also cut 2 1/2in. x 32in. strip of dress fabric for smocked band, two 1in. x 15in. ties.

Stitch bonnet side to back; hem front edge and neck edge. Fold each tie lengthwise; seam and turn. Sew to outside of bonnet. Hem all edges of band. Beginning 1/2in. from left end, work 3 rows of cable smocking across length, following smocking directions for dress. Sew band to front edge of bonnet.

5. PLAYSUIT AND BONNET

(Picture on page 8)



6. PYJAMAS

(Picture on page 5)

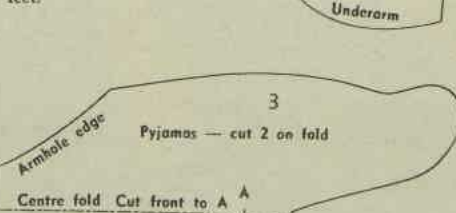
Materials: Three-eighths yard of 36in. pale blue jersey; scraps of blue bias binding and medium blue wool or embroidery thread; 3 snap fasteners.

There are 3 pattern pieces: 1, collar (cut 2 on fold); 2, sleeve (cut 4); 3, pyjama (cut 2 on fold).

TO MAKE

Follow pattern to cut front, back, sleeves, and collar. Right sides together, seam front to back at sides and legs. Slash front open to A. Stitch 1in. x 15in. jersey strip round opening; hem strip to inside. Stitch two sleeve pieces together along underarm edge; stitch to armhole. Stitch 1 1/2in. by 5 1/2in. cuff to sleeve, with right side of cuff against wrong side of sleeve; fold cuff to right side. Seam open sleeve edge.

Seam collar pieces along outer edge; turn. Right sides together, baste collar to neck. Stitch binding to collar; turn binding to inside, sew down. Sew snap fasteners to front opening. With wool, blanket-stitch edges of collar and cuffs; make braid tie and 2 pompons for it and 2 for feet.



Materials: For outfit, 1/2yd. 36in. striped cotton; scrap of interfacing (for bonnet brim); 4 small buttons.

There are 5 pattern pieces: 1, bonnet band (cut 2 on fold); 2, bonnet back (cut 1 on fold); 3, playsuit (cut 2 on fold); 4, bonnet brim (cut 2 on fold and interfacing); 5, playsuit pocket (cut 2).

TO MAKE

Playsuit: Follow pattern to cut front and back of suit and 2 pockets. Right sides together, seam front to back at shoulders, sides, and crotch. Cut 6in. opening at centre front. Cut 1 1/2in. x 12 1/2in. bias strip; right sides together, stitch it to edges of opening with 1/2in. seam. Fold strip to 1/2in. width, turn in raw edge, hem to seam line. On one edge of opening, use strip full width for buttons; on opposite edge,

fold under strip and top-stitch fold.

Cut 1/2in.-wide bias strips; bind neck and armholes. Gather legs to 6 1/2in., bind. Hem top of pockets; turn in raw edges, sew to suit. Sew 4 buttons to front opening; make thread loops to correspond.

Bonnet: Follow patterns to cut back, 2 bands and 2 brims; cut 1 1/2in. x 15in. striped ties and another brim from interfacing, omitting seam allowance.

Right sides together, seam striped brims along outer edge; turn. Insert interfacing; stitch inner brim edge. Sew brim to one band. Hem rounded edges of bonnet back; gather longest edge to fit band, stitch to band. Face underside with second band. Seam together rounded edges of bonnet back for 1 1/2in., beginning at back edge. Hem and gather back opening into small ring. Hem ties; sew to outer band.

**REDHEAD IN SMOCKED DRESS
AND BONNET**

(See page 6)

**CRY BABY IN STRIPED PLAY-
SUIT AND BONNET**

(See page 7)



THE SCARLET LANCER

"How d'you do, Mr. Arnold."

"You can call me Tom," I said. "Let's go and sit in the shade."

She put two fingers in her mouth and whistled. A Zulu boy, an umfaan, came loping up to her and took her horse.

We sat down in the shade of a mimosa tree. The air was cooler and heavy with the scent of the yellow balls of blossom. I looked out over the green, sunlit hills and saw the soldiers, a glimpse of scarlet and a cloud of dust.

"The film is set here in South Africa in the 1880s," I began, "and it's based on fact, although the Scarlet Lancer himself is fiction. He learns of a German plan to occupy St. Lucia Bay, north of Durban, and he is able to warn the British in time for them to thwart Bismarck's territorial ambition."

"The British, of course, promptly annex the land themselves. It is occupied by the Zulus, and their king, Dinizulu, rises in insurrection. We've had to telescope the facts a bit, as you can see; but the story is mainly a vehicle for the adventures of its hero, the Scarlet Lancer."

"Played by Steven Herald," the girl said.

I raised my eyebrows. "Do you know him?"

Her blush was pathetic; it rose from the open neck of her shirt to suffuse her cheeks. I was embarrassed by it. A blush is such a feminine thing, and out of place, it seemed

to me, on that hefty young woman.

"I saw him last year at Stratford," she said.

I nodded. "He's a Shakespearean actor, really; this is his first film."

"A splendid horseman, the Zulus tell me." Her voice was too loud, too offhand, too la-di-da.

"Splendid," I agreed, and she flashed me a glance as if to make sure that I wasn't mocking her. I saw then how vulnerable she was, this big, awkward, overbearing girl; how fragile her armor of haughty self-confidence.

PERHAPS I should have mentioned her eyes before this. Have you ever seen precious stones embedded in a matrix of coarse rock? That's how her eyes appeared to me: they were too beautiful and too precious for her face. They were sapphire-blue, and the black curling lashes served to accent their beauty.

"The love interest in the film," I went on, "is provided by Gail Verity. She plays the part of an American missionary's daughter. Both she and her father hate the British, but the Scarlet Lancer finally saves her after her father falls victim to Dinizulu's treachery."

I introduced Britannia to Gail later that afternoon when we all gathered round the makeshift bar of our trailer camp in the valley. Gail, I

must admit, is exquisite in face and form; she is a honey-blond with huge violet eyes, and has a fragile, angelic beauty that appeals to the protective instinct in men.

However, I have never known a woman more capable of looking after herself. She and Britannia were about the same age, but they might have been beings from separate planets, they had so little in common, or so I thought at the time.

While we were drinking our gin-and-tonics, Steven Herald arrived. He was still in his lancer's uniform. The scarlet tunic was unbuttoned, showing his smooth, tanned chest.

"Steven," I said, "come and meet our new interpreter and technical adviser on tribal affairs, Britannia Pitt."

In her hurry to shake hands with him, Britannia, as awkward as ever, upset Gail's glass, spilling the ice-cold drink down the actress's delicate bosom. Gail squealed with annoyance, holding her blouse away from her.

Britannia colored and produced a big white handkerchief from the pocket of her jodhpurs.

"I'm most awfully sorry..." she began.

Gail plunged a hand down inside her blouse and fished up a lump of ice. Steven saw it and burst out laughing.

"Sorry, Gail, but that's the funniest thing I've seen for years."

He threw his head back and laughed again.

Britannia tried to mop up some of the mess. "I really am most terribly sorry..." "Oh, shut up!" Gail snapped. "You work all day in this blasted heat and you can't even have a drink in peace." She flashed an angry look at Steven and flounced off to change.

I said that she and Britannia had nothing in common, but they had, they were both interested in Steven Herald.

The following afternoon we were scheduled to shoot a scene where the Scarlet Lancer is entertained by Dinizulu in his kraal. The village, like a great cluster of golden beehives, had been specially built for the occasion.

During one of those interminable intervals between takes, I saw Britannia borrow an assagai from one of the warriors. Just as her gracelessness seemed to go once she was in the saddle, so it went when she had an assagai in her hand. Obviously she had been taught to throw one as a child.

I watched her draw back her arm, taking her weight on her right leg, her shapely breasts straining against her shirt. Her eyes were on a small stump some thirty yards away.

There was no sign now of that big, awkward girl who had upset Gail's glass: all you could see was the powerful and controlled woman's body, every muscle storing its hair-trigger energy as in a tightly coiled spring.

And, suddenly, that energy was released. The assagai flashed in a sunlit arc and stuck with vibrating shaft into the stump.

"Aie!" exclaimed the warriors, who were herdsmen, dairy-boys, and gardeners in ordinary life.

Mpanga, the sub-chief, came out of one of the huts where he had been resting. When I first met him, he had been wearing a chalk-striped blue suit with wide lapels and a painted tie, but now he wore the iron head-ring of an induma, tufted cow-hair anklets, and a skirt of leopard tails.

He gestured imperiously toward his warriors, and they sprang forward as one man, offering their assagais. He tested several before mak-

ing his final choice. Then he turned toward Britannia.

"This should be interesting," a man breathed at my elbow. I turned and saw Martinus du Toit. He was a big man, but cat-footed, like a hunter forever after game. I don't suppose he was more than thirty, but his deeply tanned face was etched with tiny lines telling of labor by day and study by night and the occasional pinch of hunger and despair.

"Hello, Martin," I said. "Nice to see you back again. D'you know Britannia Pitt?"

"Met her a few days ago for the first time," he replied, "but I've known of her for years. Her father is probably the foremost authority on the Zulu nation, and that's not excluding the Paramount Chief."

Meanwhile, Britannia and Mpanga had taken up their positions, and a short stake, as thick as a man's arm, had been driven into the ground as a target. The chief threw first, delivering the assagai with savage force. It struck quivering in the very centre of the stake.

Britannia aimed with great care. Her assagai streaked toward the target, striking it a little to the right of the chief's.

Mpanga folded his arms and waited impassively for his assagai to be returned to him. He took ten paces back and cast with contemptuous speed. Again he was dead on target. Again Britannia was an inch or so off centre.

News of the contest had now spread throughout the village. The maidens of the tribe, who had been preening themselves for a ritual dance, arrived in all their beaded finery. It was told that they polished their dark brown bosoms with shoe polish and, from the way they shone in the sun, I could believe it.

The chief stepped back a further ten paces and raised his assagai. It was hot on that open hillside and sweat trickled down from my temples; a rich, primitive smell came from the packed Zulus. The sweat-bright muscles of Mpanga gleamed. Finally, he cast his spear with that peculiar vicious death-flick and the leaf-blade curved into the earth two inches short of the post.

BBRITANNIA'S face was set. She wiped her brow with the back of her hand and raised her own assagai, leaned back, put all her weight behind it, and threw. "Hard luck," I murmured.

The assagai plunged into the earth about two inches to the right of the post.

Du Toit's face creased into a faint smile. "Hard luck?" he repeated softly. "Man, have you never heard of tact?"

Tact was something I had never associated with Britannia, knowing her blundering ways.

"She's been well brought up, that girl," du Toit continued. "She could have beaten Mpanga every time, take it from me. But she knows better than to humiliate any man, let alone a chief, in front of his family or his tribe."

I felt myself warming toward her.

"Isn't her father a bit of a jingo?" I asked du Toit, trying to draw him out. As an Afrikaner he would have little sympathy for the stubborn more-English-than-the-English people of Natal.

Du Toit grinned at me. "Because he burdened his daughter with a name like Britannia? Old loyalties die hard, but they die in the end. Did you know that Ouma Smuts, the General's wife,

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***** AS I READ *****
THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Sept. 29

- ARIES**
MAR. 21-APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, silver, rose.
* Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, green, brown.
* Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, red, yellow.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- LEO**
JULY 23-AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, orange, tan.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, green, gold.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sat.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 23-OCT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, red, yellow.
* Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 23-NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, black, brown.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, green, white.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, blue, grey.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, red, gold.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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W.W., Oct. '65

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HOW YOU CAN BEAT

*It can be done without too many tears,
say housewives and businessgirls...
but don't count on too many luxuries!*

● How can you balance your budget? This problem has brought comments from readers in all States since we recently placed the focus on budgeting with a story on the problems young people have in managing their money (A.W.W., 11/8/65) and a reader's letter (25/8/65). The letter from "Poor," Lindfield, N.S.W. — a mother of four who claimed that her husband's income of £1800 a year kept them so poor they couldn't smoke, drink, entertain, or even go out — brought many replies, most claiming that she was a bad manager.

"Pack up your troubles...and save"

● My advice to young girls battling to make their pay-packet stretch to meet their cost-of-living expenses is to pack up their troubles and head for the outback as governesses, jillaroos, companions, etc.

I SPEAK from experience. After doing three years' nursing training in Queensland I was uprooted and went to Sydney to live.

There none of my training or exams was recognised, so I did private nursing, vet work (until the vet proved harder to handle than the racehorse we were trying to X-ray), and finally became a well-paid comptometrist.

As soon as I had my fare saved and my riding wardrobe replenished I said goodbye to comptometers and statistics and headed to the far far north, to work as a jillaroo for less than half my comptometrist's pay. I have never regretted it.

A girl I had working for me as general offside — outside work, inside work, and a smattering of school-teaching — was paid £5 a week clear to start and was paid £6 (clear) when she left after two years — reluctantly, I may add.

She made most of her own clothes. Didn't smoke. Wore very little make-up — nothing to wear it to. She spent most on her hair, which was long, very fine, and very blond.

When she left me she had saved £200, bought two horses, an electric guitar, a buffet-like trousseau chest, and 200-odd acres of freehold land which is paid off partly in rental over nine years.

Of course, there is the added bonus and ego-booster of being just about the only girl in a world of men.

My ex-offside is now head girl at a prominent stud farm with two other girls responsible to her — and her wage is £12, less tax, but with full board.

I know the trouble other women have to get suitable governesses, jillaroos, companions, and the like, and I wonder why more girls don't go bush — or, more specifically, go north.

I would advise them, anyway, to try it if they are a

little bit adventurous and, of course, aren't afraid of work.

P.S. I came up here 15 years ago as jillaroo and companion to the boss's daughter, starting off on £4 a week.

I later married the boss's

son and we branched out on our own. Until our "station" (a block of country only — no cattle — no improvements — no house) could support us, we took on droving and contract mustering jobs.

Last year we were offered

£60,000 for our place — which, naturally, we refused. But at least I have the satisfaction of knowing that ours is a working partnership and that I must have made £30,000 in fifteen years!

— "Success," N. Qld.

Are some too extravagant?

● I'm a working girl, and find I can manage very well on my £17-a-week pay-packet, so I can't help thinking those who can't do so must be a bit extravagant.

HOW do I manage? Well, first of all I make all my own clothes, which I admit is a big saving.

I usually buy material at end-of-season clearance sales, and make it up for the following year. This way no one knows that I bought it at a sale.

I have no boyfriend, but usually get asked out by boys,

so most of my entertainment is paid for.

At present I am paying off a new car, and have to run it also.

Stockings can be an expensive item, but I find one pair will last two weeks with care.

And a good tip: I never wear my "going out" clothes to work but keep them for going out.

Here's how I work out my budget on a monthly basis:

Paying off car	19	0	0
Board	12	0	0
Petrol	4	0	0
Car running costs (insurance and registration)	8	0	0
Save	8	0	0
Clothes	4	0	0
Income tax	5	8	0
Sundries	7	12	0

Total outgo .. £68 0 0

Sundries for the month are made up as follows:

Stockings (6/11 a pr.)	13	10
Medical and Hospital Scheme	1	7
Church	1	8
Balance for general "living"	4	3

Total sundries .. £7 12 0

As you'll see, I even manage to save £2 a week, so I don't feel I'm doing too badly.

— "Budget Wise," N.S.W.

Burning it up

I HAVE a question I would like to ask. Why do girls who cannot make ends meet feel that they have to smoke? To budget £2 for food and £1/5/8 for cigarettes is appalling. To pay £2/10/- to Mum for board and spend £1/6/- on cigarettes is really outrageous.

IF there was any benefit gained from cigarettes it would not be so ridiculous.

And these girls, apart from having no sense of money, have no manners.

They share a table with you in a restaurant and just when you are enjoying a good meal blow clouds of smoke into your food while waiting for their cups of coffee to arrive. Then they gulp the coffee down and depart, still smoking.

I suppose they come from homes where Mum and Dad both burn a good share of the family income each week.

I paid off a home and raised three children on less than £17 per week.

My daughter, now living at home and attending university, has no difficulty in managing on her scholarship allowance. Being a non-smoker does not restrict her social life in any way; she dresses well, buys her own books, pays fares, and is always solvent.

Mothers whose daughters CANT MANAGE should quit whining. They should have trained them better when they had the chance.

— "Non-Smoker," N.S.W.

YES! "Poor," of Lindfield, N.S.W., is a bad manager. In nine years of marriage, during the first three of which I personally saved £1500, we have had two children and are awaiting our third.

We earn £1600 p.a. and own a five-year-old car and pay our mortgage. Our home is fully furnished, and we can afford to smoke, drink, entertain, and buy quite a few clothes.

I have invested every penny of our child endowment in shares and this year we have saved £193, AND we all eat like horses. — "Quin," S.A.

THE BATTLE OF THE BUDGET

"It takes brains and wit to cope"

● "After reading your article 'Girls On a Budget' (A.W.W., 11/8/65), I thought you might like to know how an ordinary housewife manages on a budget," wrote Mrs. Elaine Leitch, of Hampton, Victoria, whose story is as follows:

My children, four boys and a girl, have grown up now (the youngest is 21, the eldest 28), and for the past five years my husband and I have been on our own, so our finances are certainly better.

But when we were married in 1936, times were indeed hard. We had a weekly wage of £3, and as we were living almost in the bush, we had no electricity, no gas, no water taps. Within a few years, I had five children to wash and keep clean, but still no modern conveniences.

I carted the water myself while husband was many miles away at work. I carried two kerosene tins on a stout stick across my shoulders a distance of one mile every day from an old well in a deserted property.

The washing water was carted from a muddy dam the same way and put in drums and cleared with ashes. The clothes for the children were boiled in the tin on a fire outside, and I'm proud to say they were always white, not yellow. The soap used was homemade by myself.

I cut our firewood from stumps in the paddocks and carted it home in bags, and for fresh meat took a rifle and shot fresh rabbits, as our meat supply came only once a fortnight and was hard to keep. You see, we had no fridge—only vinegar and an old bag drip-safe. Now I live in the city with beautiful electric gadgets, acquired in five years from my husband's wage of £22 clear.

I am unable to go out to work because of ill health, and I don't wish to kill my husband off early by having him do two jobs, so we manage on the one wage, mentioned above, and I never borrow from anyone.

After paying our rent, which is £8/8/- per week, I bank £5, as I am trying to save for a home of our own for our old age. We've never had a chance to get one before as with children and sickness there was no saving.

Our electricity costs us 15/- a week and gas 10/-, which then leaves us £7/7/- for our other requirements.

Besides buying food, this £7/7/- pays fares, medical expenses; buys clothes for two, toilet and cosmetic needs, and briquettes for fuel. It also pays for our entertainment and gifts and buys furniture. I don't smoke or drink, but buy three magazines a week.

In the five years since we have lived alone, we have, as before, rented unfurnished houses. I have completely furnished, with old and new furniture, our present six-roomed house, bought two TV sets, new fridge, and electric stove, kettle, frypan, deep fryer, iron, and toaster.

I've saved up and paid cash for these things, helped all my children set up house, bought baby things for each new grandchild, bought all five children 21st birthday watches (none under £15 each). I've also bought a wedding present for four of them (none under £20 each).

My husband and I have heaps of clothes. I have everything I want except a car, which we do without. I often make my own bread, make all my own draperies, cushions, etc., do my own decorating from second-hand shops. And we don't starve! We have chicken or a leg

of lamb sometimes. I make my own pickles, sauce, jam, etc., when fruit is cheap.

I also bake my own cakes, etc. We have good solid food and we don't owe anyone one penny, although we have had heavy medical, hospital, and dental expenses.

And I do all my budgeting cheerfully, without grumbles, because I'm happy to have so much and proud because I've struggled with determination to get what I have. I've still managed to give my old mother-in-law a present for her birthday and for Christmas and Mother's Day every year, to give 2/- here and there for charity, and to take clothes and presents to my five grandchildren.

Now I must tell you I was an orphan, married at 16 years old. Now at nearly 45 years of age, I am a grandmother of five, the eldest being five years old.

I still go dancing each Saturday (rock-n-roll, jazz, etc.). I am told I don't look my age as I'm fairly slim, dress smartly, and try to have my hair looking nice, etc.

Now I do think girls on a budget have a rough time. But with brains, wit, determination, courage, and humor they should be able to manage their money better.

My daughter, who lives away from home, cannot manage on £17 a week, though she has only herself to keep, so I understand young people. And if they can get more money and have a better life, I say good luck to them. I wouldn't wish upon them the hard life I had.

I am grateful for the good life I have and by determination, in another four years, I hope to have enough money in the bank to try to buy a home of our own—a little bit of Paradise after renting houses for 28 years.

FOOTNOTE: Mrs. Elaine Leitch (pictured right) is proud of her china collection gathered from opportunity and second-hand shops. "Learning to be content with second-best is the way to live graciously on a small budget," she contends. "Don't be proud. Have the second-best if you are a working man's wife, and be satisfied."



The way other people manage to live

"POOR" must be a spend-thrift not to be able to save something out of a salary of £1800 a year.

My wages amount to £1300 and I have three children aged one to eight.

We entertain a great deal, as we live in the snowfields, and we always have a bottle of scotch on hand for the casual visitor.

Our car is on hire purchase, we are paying off a home, and we have no overdraft, yet we still manage to save about £2 per week by being careful.

I think "Poor" needs a course in home-management. — "Wise Owl," N.S.W.

IT'S tragic to think that "Poor" (A.W.W., 25/8/65) cannot manage on

an income of £1800 without an allowable overdraft of £100.

I'm sure I speak for many when I say she is a bad manager. Yes, yes, yes.

It doesn't take an exceptional brain to work out lots of money-saving hints. I think the best one I can suggest is buying groceries whenever possible as "specials," even if it means going to several shops to find them. This is a sure way of saving good hard cash each week. — "Coping," Vic.

COMPARED with so many others "Poor" is well off, and should be thankful for what she has.

My husband earns £1000 a year, and we have to pay £11 a week rent, plus £2 a week for gas and electricity, which leaves us just £7 a week to feed our family of five, as well as allowing for clothing, fares, medical expenses, etc.

Illness and bad luck have dogged us since we married seven years ago, and our hopes of giving our children the necessities of life are far from being fulfilled.

One child needs constant hospital attention, and it breaks our hearts to see our children going without things that most other people take for granted. Our one ambition is to raise our children in the country. — C. McIntosh, N.S.W.

WE were in much the same position as "Poor" until my husband joined the

National Savings Group at work.

We chose a time when we didn't have many bills coming in to begin this scheme, under which my husband has a few pounds taken from his wages each week.

The money wasn't paid into our savings account until the end of the quarter, and for this first period it was a bit of a struggle.

Now we don't even notice it, and can afford to spend all that is left from the wages if we want to, and yet know that we have enough set aside to pay the larger bills and anything unforeseen that might arise. — "Not So Poor Now," N.S.W.

I HAVE no solution to offer "Poor," but her letter made me think of the time, about three months ago, when my husband, after many heated arguments, agreed to give me a weekly allowance.

We live on a farm, and have our own milk and eggs, so I was given £5 for groceries, plus £2 extra for meat (if we had not killed our own).

How relieved I was when my husband began forgetting to give me my weekly cheque, and I could comfortably slip back into the old routine of "booking it up," and leave the paying of accounts to him.

We are a family of six, too, and have only the plainest fare, but it costs more than you'd believe possible. — "Scottie," S.A.

A "jar system" can really work

● I cannot understand how anyone earning £1800 per year (£34 per week) is unable to manage small luxuries. My husband earns £20 per week and we manage well on this.

We have our own house and car, and my husband has a small motor-cycle to ride to work. Our house is an old one, but we are doing it up gradually.

Our weekly budget is as follows:

Bank	£3 10 0
Accounts	3 10 0
Shopping	7 0 0
Husband	3 0 0
Over	3 0 0
	£20 0 0

This money is put in separate jars each week, and the bank money is banked on the 1st of each month.

The Accounts Jar covers all our bills—TV and radio licences, car insurances and registration, water and town

rates, life insurances, lodge fees, electric light—in short, all compulsory bills.

The Husband Jar is just that. He does what he likes with this; however, he pays for all petrol and any expenses on the car and motor-bike.

The Over Jar is for small luxuries, clothing expenses, anything needed for the house, etc. We have no H.P. payments to worry about and the money is saved in the Over Jar before we buy anything.

For shopping £7 per week is allowed. This may not seem very much but is worked out like this:

Groceries	£3 15 0
Meat	1 0 0
Greengroceries ..	1 5 0
Sundries	1 0 0

This £7 is ample for us and I can assure you that there is very little we go without in the food line.

I buy half a sheep per fortnight. This costs £2, and with careful planning lasts for the two weeks necessary.

Some weeks I can shop on £5 per week, and then the extra money is put into clothing or anything else needed. I make nearly all my son's clothes and a good many of my own, too, and so that saves a certain amount. I also knit nearly all my son's jumpers.

We have one child (aged 3) and another on the way. We don't drink, smoke, or gamble, not so much because we can't afford it but because

we have never done these things, so why start?

We have friends in about once a month. This is usually for tea (which is still just a normal meal—no expensive cuts which we would not normally have), and then they stay the evening and we have supper.

This, once a month, doesn't cost very much extra and the enjoyment we receive out of these visits overrides any small extra expenses perhaps incurred.

I can't say that we have very much money left over, but we are happy (with no ropes around our necks) and do manage quite well with a few outings and luxuries thrown in to make life a little brighter.

If we can manage this way, surely "Poor" can on £34 per week. — "Thrifty," S.A.



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DAVID JONES' ST. JAMES SPECIAL and SPECIAL BLEND CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.	QLD. SA. WA.		A.C.T.
D. & J. FOWLER'S LION BRAND		SA. WA.		
GIBSON'S CHOICE CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.			A.C.T.
GRIFFITHS' TEA CHEST	N.S.W. VIC.	SA	TAS.	A.C.T.
HARRIS' HEATHER, No. 10 IMPERIAL, No. 12				
TEA TIPS, No. 91 DRUMMER BOY, No. 9 HONDI	N.S.W.			A.C.T.
HOY'S PURE CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.			A.C.T.
INGLIS KANDY CEYLON TEA	N.S.W. VIC. QLD. SA. WA. TAS.			A.C.T.
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THE SCARLET LANCER

Continued from page 39

always had a vierkleur, the flag of the Transvaal Republic, spread over her bed so that her babies would never be born under the Union Jack?"

Britannia, I realised as I got to know her better, was born in the wrong century. She had romantic ideas of England and confessed that she was still a "Queen's man," although South Africa was out of the Commonwealth.

She had romantic ideas, too, of Steven Herald; or was she less interested in the man than in the man he portrayed? Was it the Scarlet Lancer who was the white knight of her dreams? I used to ask myself this question when I saw her trailing Steven around. I was struck by the pathos of it: the big, plain, awkward girl and the slim, handsome, sophisticated man.

Of course, Gail was interested in Steven, too, and monopolised him whenever she could. I used to feel for Britannia when Gail and Steven went off together; she looked like a Great Dane puppy that has been beaten for no reason at all and shut out in the cold.

I REMEMBER a whole gang of us, including Gail, returning to the mess tents one lunchtime to find Britannia leaning over a table. It was an inelegant posture: her elbows were on the table, her back was toward us, and she was absorbed in a magazine.

"No one could accuse Britannia," Gail said in her hard, bright voice, "of being the bottomless Pitt."

It was a good line, and we laughed. I heard Steven's laughter ring out above the rest, and I suppose Britannia heard it, too. I saw her turn, the red tide of embarrassment flooding her cheeks. She had not yet learned to laugh at the calculated insult, accepting it as a joke.

Her eyes flickered desperately round the marquee; but escape was barred to her and she took refuge in the only stronghold she knew, the inherent good manners of her class.

"Hello, everybody" — I found myself wincing at the effort she made to smile — "I went into Durban this morning and brought back something tasty for lunch; cold rock lobster and avocados."

What shallow people we are! I thought; we'd rather think up a good line than find a cure for leukaemia. I was ashamed of our laughter because the butt of it was so much above us.

She had come barging into our brittle, sophisticated little world, yet remained aloof from us all: aloof from the

smart talk, the bickering, the small hates and jealousies, the surreptitious love-making, the moral laxity of the whole damn caravanserai. I was sorry I had laughed; I wanted to apologise for the whole nasty lot of us.

We were shooting again that afternoon. Britannia tagged along with me, carrying an assagai. Whenever there was a break in the proceedings she would give me a lesson on how to throw it.

The script called for the Scarlet Lancer, his horse dead from exhaustion and he himself lamed by a spear-thrust in the thigh, to climb a tall tree in the hope of attracting the attention of far-distant soldiers by signalling with a pocket mirror.

Sam was standing next to the cameraman, composing the picture. Britannia came up behind me as Steven began to drag himself into the tree. And then I saw it.

It came gliding in the end of one of the lower branches, its dark, sinuous body pushing the narrow coffin-shaped head. For a moment I was too shocked to move. Steven had one arm hooked over the same branch and was manœuvring his wounded leg, unaware of his danger.

I could see the brilliance of the eye, the line of the half-open mouth going beyond the eye and slanting toward the back of the neck, giving the snake its habitual sardonic expression. I recognised it at once—the black mamba, swiftest and deadliest snake in South Africa.

Britannia, who probably had eyes only for the wounded Steven, was a trifle slow in spotting it, but when she did her reaction was instantaneous. Something flashed over my shoulder; I heard the whisper of wind along the polished shaft.

What I remembered afterward was Steven's horrified expression as he saw the assagai hurtling toward him. He even tried to ward it off with his free arm, but it shot past him, plucking the head of the snake from the branch, slicing into the thick part of the body behind the neck.

The blade must have severed the spinal column, because the mamba—all fourteen terrifying feet of it—fell in loops, like a piece of old rope, out of the tree.

Steven's face, above the scarlet of his tunic, was as pale as death. I saw his lips working as he fought for control of himself.

"Heavens, Sam," he said at last, "was that in the script?" Sam flicked his badly chewed cigar at the dead snake.

"It will be, boy; it will be." He flashed a dare-to-say-no look at the cameraman. "Did you get that, Jeff?"

To page 44

Mrs. H. WIFE



"Other husbands don't think a proper clothes-line is a luxury!"

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... Margaret Merril.

'child not eating?'

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AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● How many pills of various sorts have you taken in the past week? Did you know Australians are being accused of becoming a nation of compulsive pill-swallowers, and that women are more inclined to pill-addiction than men are?

ACCORDING to one authority, people overdrink, overeat, over-smoke, and swallow handfuls of pills as an emotional refuge from the things that are wrong with their lives.

Women tend to compensate for their disappointments by taking pills, men by smoking and drinking, and food is used for consolation by both sexes about equally.

All this came to mind when I read a newspaper story about a woman (unnamed) who admitted to being 50 and looked 35. She claimed that it was all done by pill-swallowing and listed her daily intake as follows:

Every day four yeast tablets with every meal; one seaweed pill night and morning; two garlic capsules for breakfast, followed by one vitamin C capsule; one vitamin B tablet on alternate days; two calcium tablets and a sulphur tablet on Sundays.

I make that 125½ pills every week, apart from any little extras like aspirin tablets or digestive aids. There was no picture of her accompanying the pill menu, so I couldn't decide for myself whether all this was worth while.

Personally my guess would be that if she did indeed look 35 when she was 50 it would be due more to natural good health and a wise choice of ancestors than to pills.

Garlic-eaters needn't

be scented outside . . .

TALKING of garlic capsules, this family's favorite reading at the moment is an advertising leaflet that Mike has come by.

It advertises a brand of garlic capsules made overseas, and the leaflet has been written by someone with great faith in the product but an incomplete command of the English language.

"From ancient," it says, "garlic was used for food as well as medical . . . the garlic-odor substance has so many-sided virtues. Not a few that hate the garlic of its characteristic odor, would thought it necessary evil to take the one because they cannot reject the garlic odor without its vital effects."

"Surely the fact is well known, those who take garlic for food or medicine would be scented out 'foul' with their breath."

There's lots more in this vein, explaining how the product gives you the "vital effects" without the odor and "regulates our condition healthier and younger," and then it goes on to the directions and dosages:

"In ordinary cases, gulp one (for children) or two (for adults) capsule just after meals. In serious, use double or triple amounts of the ordinary case; it is desirable for hard consumptive works also to make the double use . . . and the filled capsule begins to dissolve in five minutes just after preparing the capsule please gulp it at once. For this purpose a cup of water allows easier gulping."

Since Mike brought the leaflet home nobody in the house will swallow anything any longer — it has to be gulped; and the girls

no longer come home and complain that they've had a lousy day — they tell me solemnly that it's been a day filled with hard and consumptive works.

I'm biding my time. Surely somebody soon will give me a chance to say: "Remember that one gulp doesn't make a summer."

When it came to insomnia

Grannie knew her onions!

I'VE been sent a recently published book called "Grannie's Remedies," which is rather fun.

Everybody's grannie had her favorite remedies (mine was much addicted to camphor, licorice powder, bread poultices, and wide-open windows), but the author, Mai Thomas, had the good sense to choose herself a grandmother with gipsy blood.

Her Grannie lived at the beginning of this century in a village on the Welsh border, and it was whispered that she was a "white" witch because of her success in treating illnesses.

Most of her remedies are the time-honored old "simples," lovingly prepared from herbs and taken with faith (which after all is the necessary ingredient we still add to our modern vitamins and pep pills).

But some of Grannie's remedies are priceless. For instance, for sleeplessness . . . If you can't sleep, get up and eat two or three onions. "The oil has great soporific powers and the effect is magical." Or, if you don't want to get up, "lift up your bedclothes, draw in fresh air, and let them fall, forcing it out again. Repeat 20 times."

Quite frankly, I don't know whether these two remedies cure sleeplessness, but I should think they'd be a certain cure for marriage. Bed-sharers might well object to midnight onion-eating and bedclothes-flapping.

The book is full of fascinating old recipes for things like parsley tea and peppermint tea, cures for hiccups (put some drops of vinegar on loaf sugar and eat slowly), and hysterics (slap the face and chest smartly with the end of a towel dipped in cold water), nettle-rash, ague, warts, headache, sprains, choking from fishbones, bruises of the finger, tapeworm, snoring, and sore throat (onions again, boiled in molasses this time).

Mai Thomas's Grannie cured catarrh by taking 25 parts of roasted coffee, 1 part of menthol, 25 parts of sugar, grinding them together to a fine powder, and using as snuff.

She got rid of moths by this method: "A brick kept damp and raised one-eighth of an inch from the floor will collect moths under it. Once weekly, raise the brick and crush the moths, or take a small bunch of red wool, place on a piece of paper on the floor of a cupboard, and the moths will collect. Every few days, if the wool is shaken, moths will drop on the paper and can be destroyed."

I suppose it's easier to swallow a pill (sorry, gulp a pill) or use a fly-spray full of insecticide, but reading the book gives me the feeling that ordinary household matters were much more dramatic (if more time-consuming!) in Grannie's day.

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EVERY DAY IS WOMEN'S WEEKLY DAY

Continued from page 42

"I got it, Sam," he said. Sam turned to me. "Then it's up to you. Can't you write in a Zulu umfaan—someone like the young Sabu—who appears from nowhere to save the lancer's life?"

"If it's corn you're after," I told him, "why not one of those so-called maidens with the bosoms?"

He took me seriously. I saw the enthusiasm in his eyes. "I know the very girl, too." He drew in his breath, clicking his false teeth. "This is going to slay 'em; this is going to pack 'em in."

Smart talk, I thought wearily; all we can think of in this game is smart talk. I turned to Britannia.

"What we're trying to say—what Sam, Steven, and I are trying to say, Britannia, is that you were magnificent. You kept your wits about you and we love you for it."

And then Steven was down out of the tree, hugging her.

"Magnificent?" he cried. "My heavens, what an understatement. Britannia, darling, I'm . . . speechless. You saved my life."

I COULD see that Britannia did not know what to say, either. She was like a Great Dane puppy that had been patted on the head and shown its lead in readiness for an unexpected walk.

From then onward there was a change in the relationship between Britannia and Steven. At first, it was probably just gratitude on his part that made him take more notice of her. Then I think he discovered for himself a basic truth: that beauty of spirit can outshine the prettiest face, and the shape of the bosom is less important than the size of the heart.

You couldn't measure Britannia against the ordinary yardstick used in film studios. Her appearance didn't really matter. She was a strapping young woman, built for child-bearing and well able to pull her weight by the side of her man. Her plain face grew on you, as they say, which means that you no longer noticed it, but you noticed her eyes, which were long-lashed, beautiful.

She was bluntly honest without hurting anybody. She had no apparent charm, but charm, I feel, is the shallowest of all the human virtues. There was something golden about her, something utterly good. Her approach to people, considering her physical awkwardness, was strangely regard for their feelings and she was wrapped in innocence as a caterpillar is wrapped in a cocoon.

Filming stopped on Friday afternoons and everybody went to Durban for the weekend. The break—the luxury of a good hotel, the lazing on the beach, the taste again of civilised living—did us all good. The weekend after the mamba incident, however, I stayed in camp, as there were a few kinks in the script to straighten out.

I worked hard all Saturday, and on Sunday morning found myself with nothing to do. Then Britannia arrived. She was astride her big grey horse and had another horse on a leading rein.

"I say, Tom," she began, hesitantly, "would you care to come riding? I thought you might be lonely here on your own."

I smiled my pleasure. "You are a thoughtful lass, Britannia, but I haven't been on a horse for years."

She dismounted and the led horse, a chestnut, nuzzled her arm.

"You'll find Rory very easy

to ride, very comfortable."

So we went riding together over the green, rolling hills, and she opened my eyes for me, telling me about the country and its people. And in telling me of all these things she told me more about herself. She was twenty-four years old, and the brusque manner she adopted with strangers masked a shyness that I found as touching as her innocence.

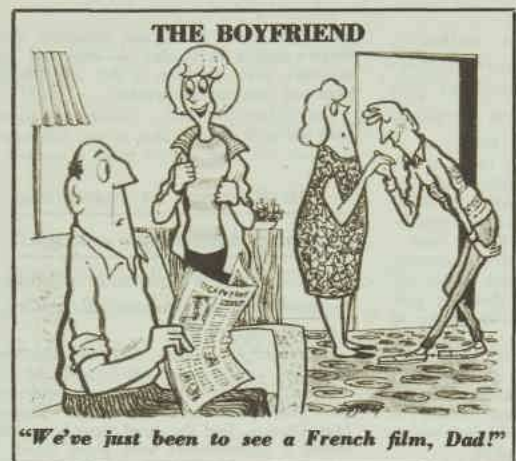
"I'm twelve years older than you," I said, "and so much wiser in the ways of the world."

We were lying on a terrace of warm cropped turf cut into the hillside. Our horses, reins hanging down, were grazing contentedly behind us. Far below a serpent of dove-grey mist lay among the dark trees of the valley and an umfaan herding cattle threw his voice, like an invisible lasso, across the mist to a

ness of man: of the nomad in him, the hunter. There were times, I said, when his soul cried aloud for solitude, and times when the companionship he wanted was that of other men.

Yet, without a woman, he was incomplete: a soldier with nothing to fight for, nothing to defend. He needed her warmth and her sweetness, her comfort and her strength. He needed children: they were bonds linking him with his lost youth, they were the proof of his manhood, the assurance of his immortality.

I suppose I talked to Britannia Pitt that morning as I have talked to no other woman. She was a big, clumsy girl, very honest in her outlook on life, frank in her interest in sex. It was a natural, adolescent interest, nothing prurient about it. Somehow it seemed to me an integral



girl carrying a calabash of milk on her head.

Britannia turned on to her side so that she could look at me.

"Wiser in what ways, Tom?"

"In the ways of grown-up people."

"Meaning that I am not grown up?"

"In some respects, you're still a child."

"I am not a child, Tom."

Blood mantled the fine skin of her throat, coloring her cheeks, telling me of the effort even such a simple denial cost her.

"You are a woman," I said. Her lashes fell, covering the dark, inquiring blue of her eyes.

"How long have you been divorced?"

"Nearly six years."

Her eyes met mine again. "What was she like, your wife?"

"Small, delicate, beautiful . . ."

LIKE a flower, an orchid: flesh-petalled and easily bruised. A woman without warmth and without roots: rich, pampered, shameless.

"Do you miss her?" Britannia's low voice shattered my moment's reverie.

The agony of parting from her; the clinging strength of our love-hate relationship.

"Not nowadays," I said.

Britannia rolled over on her back and spoke to the blue-white African sky.

"Tell me about . . . marriage."

"About my marriage? How it was?"

"No, how it should have been."

So I told her; I told her as we lay there on that sun-warmed turf and a Zulu umfaan called to his girl across the valley. I told her of the strength and the weak-

part of her shyness and innocence.

We rode back to camp together and drank cold beer under the trees. She could not stay to lunch as her father was expecting guests.

I saw very little of her the following week; I think Steven monopolised much of her time. He even took her into Durban one night for dinner and a show. I heard him come back and glanced at my watch. It was nearly four in the morning.

Using the script as an excuse, I stayed in camp again the next weekend, and again Britannia rode over with the horses. A red track switchbacked over the hills and we cantered up and down it, heading at last for a hill crowned with mimosa. It was hot that Sunday morning and we were in need of shade.

Among the trees we found a Land-Rover; beside it, Martinus du Toit. He seemed surprised and pleased to see us, and produced some beer from a plastic-foam container packed with ice. The beer was welcome, and although I liked Martin, as we called him, I must say I resented his presence, especially when he and Britannia started talking about the development of the Zulu reserves, a subject that left me out in the cold.

Still, as a writer, I was interested in what they had to say, in their specialised knowledge of the Zulu and in the clash of their personalities. They were both "Europeans," as white people are called in South Africa, but du Toit's ancestors were Huguenots driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and Britannia's family, too, had been divorced

ALL characters in serials A and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

from Europe for several generations.

They were Afrikaans-speaking and English-speaking South Africans, Republican and Royalist, the shadow of the Anglo-Boer War still lying like a dividing wall between them.

A shock awaited me on my return to camp in the shape of a wire from England. The studio wanted me to catch the earliest London-bound plane. I left the next day under protest, having extracted a promise from Sam that I could fly back to Natal before the filming of "The Scarlet Lancer" was completed.

LONDON was black with soot and grey with rain. I couldn't get the Valley of a Thousand Hills out of my mind; the green-gold warmth of it and the blue sky. Meanwhile, negotiations with the publishers of the book I was supposed to be working on had broken down, and I was left kicking my heels for a fortnight.

One morning I went into South Africa House and glanced through the Natal newspapers. There was a picture of Steven Herald at the Durban races; with him was Britannia Pitt.

Three weeks later I caught a plane to Johannesburg and flew from there to Durban. Sam Eiselen met me at the Louis Botha Airport and, while we motored out to our location in the Valley, he brought me up to date with the progress of the film.

"By the way," I said when he had finished, "how's Britannia?" Even to me my voice sounded elaborately offhand.

"Britannia?" Sam fumbled for a cigarette, pressed home the lighter on the dash, waited, and, finally, exhaled a long stream of smoke.

"Haven't you heard?" he asked, glancing sideways at me. "She's getting married."

The car swerved slightly and I hung on to the door-strap, clenching the leather in my fist. The photograph of Steven and Britannia at the races flashed across my mind.

I remembered the pathos of her infatuation; the big clumsy girl and the handsome, polished young man.

I only want, I told myself, what is best for Britannia. Then I thought of Steven, a dedicated actor, chained to a treadmill: about him the glib talk, the artificiality, the sophistication.

And I thought of Britannia, big and awkward in fashionable clothes, spilling her martini at cocktail parties, those great feet of hers treading on everybody's toes . . .

"She's getting married?" I repeated. "To whom?"

"Well," Sam drawled, "I think after a couple of months with the unit she could more or less have taken her choice." He leaned out of the window and swore at the Indian driver of a donkey-cartload of vegetables.

"Steven fell for her," he went on, "that's for sure."

"And he's going to marry her," I said flatly.

It was not a question: it was a statement of fact.

"I didn't say so," Sam changed down to take the next corner, throwing me against him. "I don't think our Steven's the marrying kind. No, Tom," he gave his head a vigorous shake, scattering ash over me, "it's not Steven Herald. Britannia has picked herself a really fine man . . ."

"Who is it, Sam, for heaven's sake?"

He gave me a shrewd look. "Take it easy, Tom. It's Martinus du Toit."

Of course, that was the answer: South Africans both, though of Boer and British stock; they even had their differences in common.

"I'm glad," I said at last; and to myself I said: she couldn't have fitted into your life any better than she could have fitted in with Steven Herald's.

I looked out over the canefields, a blur of green. "She was quite a girl, Sam," I said. He gave something like a sigh. "Oh, yes," he agreed, putting his foot down now that the road had straightened itself out, "Britannia was quite a girl."

(Copyright)

Fashion

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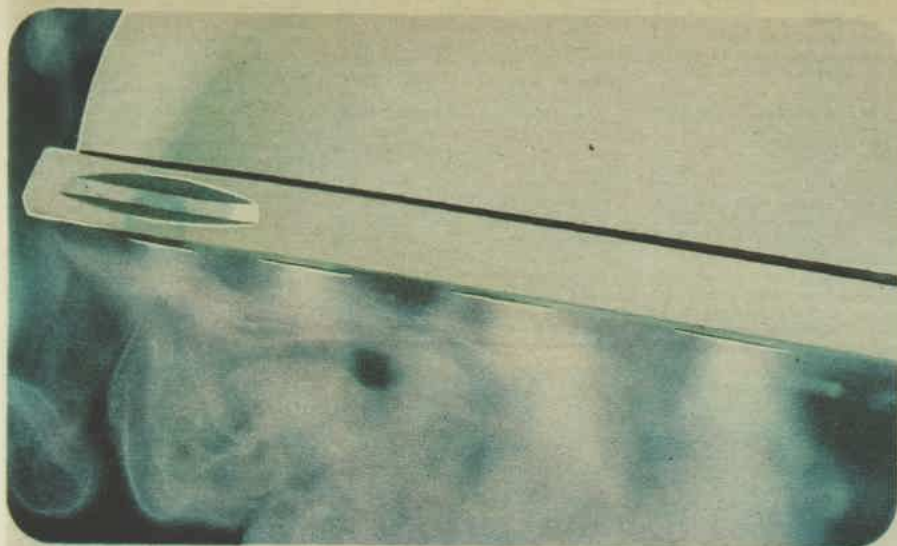
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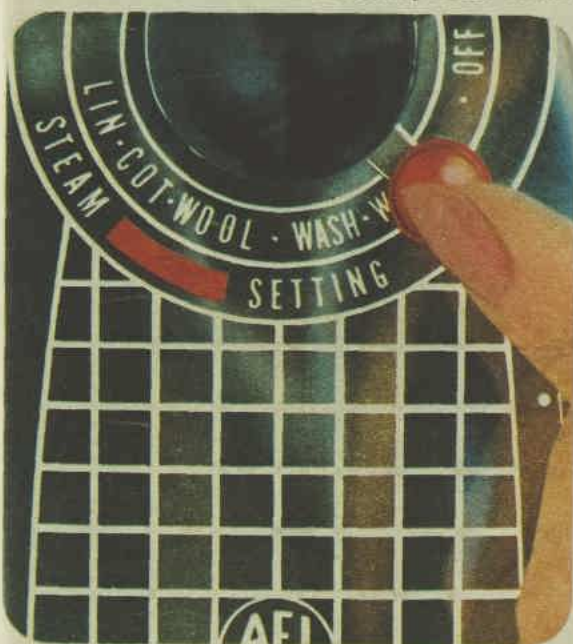
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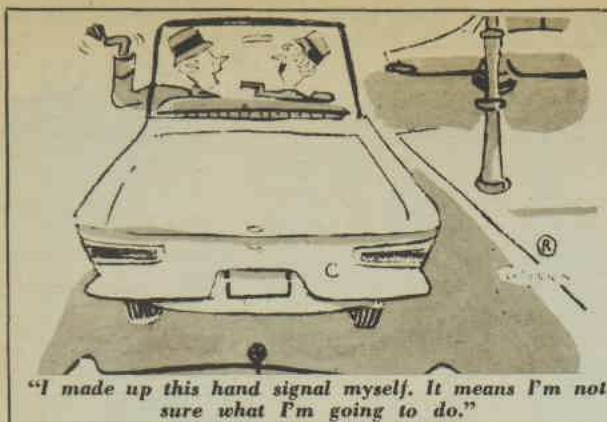
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Continued from page 33

"Oh, I do hope you haven't taken a dislike to him."

"No, not at all. At least . . . I was wondering what sort of people shared the kitchen with him before."

"The last one was a girl. Annette — and such a pretty little thing she was, too, when she first came."

"What happened?"

"She put on weight. She was a fashion model, you see, and it almost ruined her career. Mr. Hollings used to cook these tempting dishes, and she just couldn't resist them. So it was his food or her career."

Tessa nodded. She was beginning to understand one thing at any rate. There was nothing personal in his hospitality. He fed people the way

other people offer gossip, or cigarettes, or salted peanuts.

"Was Annette here long?"

"Three or four months, I'd say."

"Do you think she may have fallen in love with Tony, I mean Mr. Hollings?"

Mrs. Kenton shook her head. "No, not Annette. She liked her men nicely turned out and going places. There wouldn't be any romance about a serious, quiet, stay-at-home like Mr. Hollings."

"I suppose not," Tessa sighed and finished clearing up. She did not see the thoughtful glance Mrs. Kenton gave her just before she left.

The rest of the morning was spent in the nearest bookshop, where, after an agony of indecision,

DINNER FOR TWO

Tessa bought a little volume called "Cordon Bleu in Your Kitchen"; before lunch there was just time to buy the most essential ingredients for the dishes Tony intended to create that night.

Her lunch that day consisted of a Welsh rarebit and a glass of tomato juice, and her spirit was nourished with great chunks out of the cookery book. It was unnerving to realise that there was a whole sphere of living with which she had barely a nodding acquaintance. She had never considered anything that might be described as "farcie," or "aux fines herbes," or even "au gratin" as possible appearing on an ordinary dining-table.

Such things belonged to special dates, to awe-inspiring headwaiters, candlelight, and multi-lingual menus. She threw a slightly apprehensive glance at the row of unfamiliar items she had spread out ready for Tony's inspection: the liqueurs, the chives, the garlic, and wondered what the evening would bring. It would be rather fun to have a special date in your own kitchenette.

At nine o'clock that night, Tessa was in the kitchen surrounded by greasy plates, sticky frying-pans, and a totally unbearable silence. She stood back and viewed the debris, then sat down with a sigh, pushing a space clear on the table to rest her elbows.

THE dinner itself had been all she could have wished for. Tony was a magnificent cook, and he had generously praised her good sense in getting hold of all the things that made the magic possible.

Over dinner he had talked, with wit, good sense, and just enough personal attention to flatter and exhilarate Tessa. She thought it was the most romantic and unusual dinner date she had ever had. When he'd finished his coffee, he had given her an irresistible smile. "That was one of the most enjoyable dinners I can remember," he had said.

It sounded perfectly sincere. "Now I've got a report to write, and I know you won't mind washing up. I admit the cooking as such is the more enjoyable of the chores, but it takes four times as long, so I suppose it's a fair enough arrangement." He had looked at her for confirmation.

With great self-restraint she had managed to breathe, "Yes, of course," instead of going into hysterics.

He had stood for a moment, listening to the unusual silence of the house above them. "Saturday is one of the best evenings. The place is practically empty and the noisier neighbors don't get back until about eleven. That gives me two hours of perfect peace before the racket starts! Thank you again for your company." And then he was gone.

To page 47

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DINNER FOR TWO

Continued from page 46

Tessa looked at her watch. The evening had barely begun. And she was going to spend it washing up the remains of a Gordon Bleu type banquet for two, and thinking about the man who had provided it.

There was no doubt that it had been perfect. Each item was weighed, conscientiously mixed in at exactly the right moment to obtain the correct chemical reaction, then left on the stove for the right time to a fraction of a second.

Tony Hollings did not really cook at all; he conducted delicate chemical experiments, the end result of which happened to be edible, and it was economically sensible to have someone to share them. His driving force was not hospitality but science. Cold, scientific test-tube stuff, whether he was aware of it or not!

Tessa gave a vicious scrub to a frying-pan, and tried to visualise all the other people of the house having a wonderful time somewhere. She did not even know what they looked like. All she could see in her mind's eye was Tony Hollings, darkly charming, only fitfully aware of the world around him.

She must make him aware of her. All of a sudden that seemed the most important thing in her life. But how? Learning to cook would hardly do it. Appreciatively sharing his experiments, that would be more like it. But if all he saw in her was someone who would do the washing up — well, what future was there in that?

SHE had to smile wryly, as she thought of the old saying. The way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Fine lot of use that was when there was a road-block and no signpost giving an alternative route!

Three weeks later the position was unchanged. That is, although they shared most of their meals during the week, Tessa had spent her Saturdays having some real outside dates, which she had not enjoyed at all. She had made herself an attractive evening dress, but had not worn it yet. Even in her most honest moments she did not quite admit to herself what she was saving it up for.

Tony had introduced her to approximately 18 different dishes, all equally exotic, but his personal interest in her remained non-existent.

Mrs. Kenton occasionally came and talked to Tessa about the various men who were her fellow lodgers, but Tessa made no secret of the fact that her interest was very decidedly centred on one particular person. She did not actually confide in Mrs. Kenton, but it was so obvious that she was both hurt and puzzled by the situation, that finally Mrs. Kenton could stand it no longer.

"Just tell me one thing," she demanded. "Would you know how to grasp the opportunity if it came?"

"What opportunity?"

"An opportunity to get that lad away from his saucepans, his stove, and his reports."

Tessa's eyes lit up for a moment. Then she turned away. "It just can't be done. I might as well get used to the idea."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Kenton firmly. "Where there's a will . . ." She chuckled suddenly. "And there's not just one will, there are two of us!"

Tessa frowned. "What do you mean, Mrs. Kenton?"

"Just wait and see," promised the landlady with a conspiratorial and mischievous little smile. It was Saturday again. Tessa had been too depressed to accept any of the invitations to go to the local dance. She had agreed to have dinner with Tony, and had decided to go to bed early with a library book. She heard the front door slam as the other inhabitants went out one by one to their various Saturday night entertainments.

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers readers' queries about their antiques.

COULD you give me some idea of the age of two willow pattern plates I have? One is a Ridgeway marked with "England, 1832, Engraved for W. Ridgeway." The second is a Staffordshire, marked "Staffordshire Stone China, H & A." — Mrs. V. M. Carroll, East Burwood, Vic.

The plates were made by Ridgways Ltd., Bedford Works (Staffordshire), 1920-1952. The mark on the base of your plates was first used about 1927.

Your Staffordshire plate, makers Hammersley and Ashbury, is Prince of Wales Pottery, about 1865.

THE enclosed color photo is of a blue jug with white markings. It stands 16in. high, and has the marking of a triangle and three sixes on the base. On the jug there are many faces, both male and female.

We have looked for the marking in books of antique china without success, so wonder if you can help. — Miss I. Ching, Geelong, Vic.

Your attractive jug is German. It is Cologne pottery made about 1880.

● Cologne pottery.

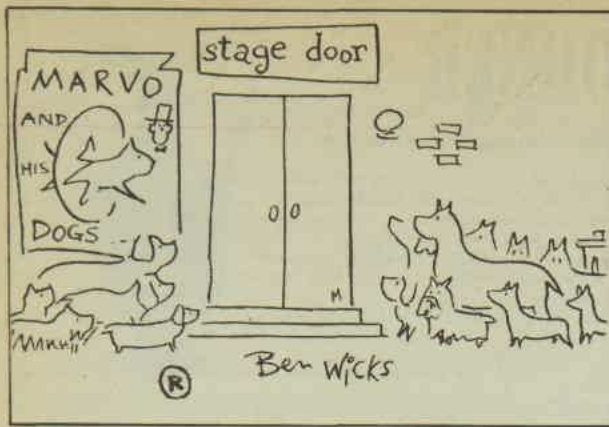


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Continued from page 47

All right! So I'd really like to be out there with them, she thought to herself. She might as well admit it. But no, she had deliberately chosen to stay home. Why? Because of the "superior cooking"? Well, of course, that was quite a consideration. There wouldn't be some stronger reason, perhaps, such as the ever-present hope that one day Tony would notice her, Tessa, as something more than a guinea-pig for his experiments?

She turned to face herself in the mirror, to see just what sort of creature it was Tony Hollings was to notice with a sudden sense of discovery. Nothing so very special looked back at her from the mirror. Probably Annette, the model who

had lost her figure, was quite beautiful, and he had apparently not even managed to notice her.

On sudden impulse Tessa yanked open the wardrobe and pulled out the new dress. It was hardly the sort of thing to wear to a kitchenette dinner, but, still . . . It would be worth the risk of minor damage just to see whether Tony noticed the difference.

Hastily she pulled it on. Of course — it needed earrings. All right, she might as well do the thing properly. High spike heels, a whiff of perfume, and the merest touch of eye make up, unobtrusive even across the small table.

She rushed out to the landing, where there was a full-length mirror,

to get a better view of the final effect. Mrs. Kenton, on her way downstairs, gave a little squeak of delight.

"That's beautiful, dear. Quite lovely!" Then, in a confidential whisper, "Don't tell me he's actually taking you out?"

Tessa went into a peal of forced laughter. "We mustn't expect miracles, Mrs. Kenton!" She twirled in front of the mirror. "Still, it might put the idea in his head, mightn't it? For future reference, I mean."

"Hm," said Mrs. Kenton scornfully, and continued on her way.

Tessa returned to her room and rearranged her hair three times. Finally, after half an hour, she decided to try out the result on Tony.

Carefully she walked down the stairs. As she approached the kitchenette, she stopped. There was no sound of activity.

Curiously she edged closer and peeped round the door. Cookery book and ingredients were marshalled in a neat line on the table, but there was not a single pan on the stove. Seated at the table, with his head on his fists, was Tony Hollings, looking lost!

SUDDENLY he became aware of her. He blinked as he took in the full significance of her appearance.

"So the rats are leaving the sinking ship! It didn't take you long to find something better, did it?"

"What do you mean?" she gasped. "Better than what?"

"Seeing that you weren't getting a meal of the usual standard, I take it you've made other arrangements."

"I don't know what you're talking about!" she protested. "Why aren't we having dinner, anyway?"

"Because, my sweet, the gas has been cut off for the next three hours. Some sort of emergency repair."

"Well, we could easily . . ." Tessa began. Then she remembered Mrs. Kenton's strangely urgent question: Would you know how to grasp the opportunity if it came?

"There is," she said. "only one thing to do."

"And that is?"

"We must go out to dinner. You'll see how other cooks compare with you, and you will have an evening of complete relaxation."

"Ridiculous!"

"Not at all. There will be other things, too. You will find out about the use of wine as an essential part of the evening, not just as a chemical that makes food easier to digest. Rather as a gastronomic ornament."

"A what?"

"An ornament. Something luxurious and silly and enjoyable, not merely functional, or because a recipe demands it."

She stood up very straight and looked him firmly in the eye. "And now," she said, "may I suggest that you change into your impressive dark suit, the one you wear for conferences. And then we shall get to Luigi's at just about the right time."

Slowly he rose from his chair, still looking at her with a puzzled frown. "You knew about the gas!" he said suddenly.

She shook her head. "No, I didn't."

"Then why — why the glamor?"

"Just wanted to see whether you'd notice," she said coolly.

"You don't expect me to believe that!"

"No. But it's the truth. And, of course, I have my answer now — you did notice!"

He looked at her with a mixture of delight and disbelief, then shook his head. "All right," he said, with a hint of resignation, "You win. Give me ten minutes." He strode out, not as one defeated, but, oddly enough, much more like someone "in a hurry."

He was as good as his word. Ten minutes later he appeared, wearing the impressive suit, and they were at Luigi's within fifteen minutes.

Luigi himself brought the wine list and handed it to Tony. "It's a great pleasure, Mr. Hollings, to see you here again."



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FROM CHEMISTS ONLY

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To page 49

Tony smiled quickly. "The old place hasn't changed much."

Luigi looked round. "Not the place — but the people! Luigi's has become popular in the three years you've been away. In a few minutes they'll begin to queue!" His face showed nothing but distaste at such outward signs of success.

"I'm sure the standard has been kept at the same level of excellence."

Luigi beamed gratefully and brought the menu. "You shall be my judge, Mr. Hollings."

Tony selected the dishes that weeks of feeding Tessa had taught him she would like. He also chose the correct wines.

"A wine, you must understand, Luigi," he said seriously, "is not merely a chemical aid to digestion, but a gastronomic ornament."

Luigi laughed appreciatively. "That's very, very good, Mr. Hollings. I must tell that one. Yes, very good!"

He moved away, after a courteous bow to Tessa.

She had smouldered during that short conversation, and now hissed at him. "If I weren't so hungry I'd get up and walk out this minute."

He smiled at her. "I don't blame you, Tessa. Please stay, though, despite your better judgment." They sipped their vermouth, and after a few moments he said, "I should have had the courage to do this before."

"To take me out?"

He shook his head. "No. To come back here and face the past."

He stared at his glass in silence for a while and then seemed to make up his mind about something. "Three years ago, when things went wrong with — with Cora, I decided to stay away from this place, and from bright spots generally, and concentrate on my work instead. I started to play around with high-class cookery, partly to prove to myself that there was no magic in it, and partly . . ."

"Partly because you missed it," Tessa said helpfully.

HE nodded. "I suppose so. Then I needed company, but the first few girls at Mrs. Kenton's who shared the kitchen always decided that there must be love mixed up with it if I cooked a meal for them, so I worked out a technique to keep them at a distance."

"Some technique!" Tessa commented, with feeling.

"Well, then there was Annette, who didn't like me, so I didn't need to be rude to her. On the other hand, we had nothing much to talk about, so what I gained on the swings I lost on the roundabouts."

"She only gained, I understand."

He grinned. "I wanted her to leave, so I concentrated on recipes for the building up of invalids. Then you came along, and it was hard to know what to do. I didn't want you to get any ideas about me, and yet . . . But habit and caution were too strong. On that first Saturday I fully expected you to wreck the kitchen in a fury when I went off to write my report."

"I nearly did. And to think that you were perfectly well aware of what you were doing. That makes it unforgivable."

"Nearly as unforgivable as you and Mrs. Kenton turning off the gas."

Tessa looked at him in amazement. "Me and Mrs. Kenton?"

"Did you really know nothing about it?"

"No! Honestly! I didn't even know what she meant when she said . . ." Suddenly she found herself blushing and looked at him guiltily.

"It's all right," Tony assured her. "I believe you—thousands wouldn't. But you must admit it was a bit of a coincidence to find you in a most decorative piece of finery exactly twenty minutes after catching Mrs. Kenton turning off the gas with an improbable story about emergency repairs, when it's perfectly obvious that there's no repair being done anywhere near our house!"

Tessa began to giggle into her glass. "Oh, the impossible, dear woman."

"What made you decide on Luigi's, anyway?" Tony asked.

Tessa thought for a moment. Then she realised with amazement how all the pieces of the jigsaw suddenly fell into place. "Did Mrs. Kenton know about you and Cora coming here regularly?"

Continued from page 48

"I may have mentioned it."

"She told me that if ever I wanted to be taken to a really first-rate place, not far away, I should go to Luigi's. But she added that the man who took me must know about food and wines as Luigi is a bit of a snob about his customers."

Tony looked smug and terribly pleased. "So you thought I'd make the grade?"

"I've had proof now, haven't I — watched your reception with my own eyes, remember? But why didn't you suggest some other restaurant if this place has those special memories for you?"

"Tonight, when I saw you standing there," he said, and he was now

entirely serious. "I realised what I'd been missing for too long. It was as if the past had at the precise moment ceased to matter. And it seemed absolutely right that I should come to Luigi's and start all over again."

Was it the aid of the gastronomic ornament or merely happiness? Tessa wondered as she sat there in a star-dusted haze.

With a shamefaced grin Tony confided, "When I thought you might be going out with someone else I mentally recounted in that split second all the instances when I had been impossible or just plain rude — and I hadn't finished counting when you reassured me that you really had intended to wear that

lovely thing for our kitchenette session. Tessa, will you forgive me?"

"Certainly," she said promptly, "but there's one condition."

"Anything!"

"Please don't banish me from the kitchen when you cook in future — but teach me, so that one day I can serve up something like that to you. I don't know if you realise it, but I'm the woman, you know."

"Oh, yes, I've realised that for some time now," he replied, taking her hand in his. "For quite some time."

Across the room, Luigi said to his wine waiter, "Champagne, I think. Mr. Hollings is happy again. It's the right girl this time!"

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DINNER FOR TWO

RIVETS



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Celebration

dinners for FOUR

● In this four-page feature is a series of menus that will help the businesswoman and the busy housewife to give a celebration dinner party for four people with the minimum of last-minute preparation and cooking.



CHINESE BRAISED DUCK is the main dish.

MOST of the cooking and preparation of the dishes in these menus can be done the day before the party. That is the time, too, to check table silver and linen, set the party table, prepare trays for coffee and drinks, and arrange the flowers. Below are the recipes for Menu 1 on this page.

ICED MELON

One large honeydew or rockmelon (or you could use a combination of both), little white wine.
Scoop out melon with melon ball scoop (or cut into small dice). Place melon balls in individual glasses or serving dishes. Spoon over a little white wine. Serve well chilled.

CHINESE BRAISED DUCK

One plump young duck (3½ to 4lb.), 1 tablespoon peanut oil, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 cloves garlic (crushed), 6 dried mushrooms, 1 cup sliced bamboo shoots, 1 cup sliced water chestnuts, 1 dessertspoon soy sauce, 1 tablespoon dry sherry, 1 teaspoon very finely chopped green ginger, 2 cups stock or water, 1½ dessertspoons cornflour, ¼ teaspoon sugar, 1 extra teaspoon soy sauce, pepper, water.

Wash mushrooms, soak in hot water 20 minutes. Rinse, squeeze dry, cut in halves. Wash duck, cut into joints. Combine dessertspoon soy sauce, the sherry, and ginger; add 1 dessertspoon water. Mix together the cornflour, sugar, pepper, and extra soy sauce; stir in ¼ cup water. Heat oil with salt and garlic, add duck pieces, and fry, stirring, until well browned. Add mushrooms, bamboo shoots, and water chestnuts; cook further 2 minutes. Stir in the soy sauce mixture. Cook 2 minutes, stirring. Add stock, cover, bring to boil. Reduce heat, simmer until duck is tender. Stir in cornflour mixture and cook, stirring until sauce thickens. Transfer duck to serving dish, spoon sauce over. Serve with the hot fluffy rice.

LEMON CREAM SOUFFLE

Four eggs, 4oz. castor sugar, juice and finely grated rind 2 lemons, ½ pint cream, ½oz. gelatine, ¼ cup water, extra whipped cream, chopped nuts.

Tie band of paper firmly round 4½ to 5in. souffle dish, taking it about 2in. above edge of dish; oil lightly. Beat egg-yolks with sugar, lemon rind and juice, over hot water, until thick; then beat until cold. Dissolve gelatine in water, fold into egg mixture with softly whipped cream. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites; pour into prepared dish. Chill until set. Gently remove paper; decorate with extra whipped cream and chopped nuts.

PREPARATION

The Day Before: Prepare braised duck to point where sauce is thickened with cornflour; cool and refrigerate. Cook rice and place in ovenproof dish ready for reheating. Make lemon souffle.

Night of the Party: When you arrive home, prepare honeydew melon and refrigerate until serving time. Place braised duck and rice in slow oven to reheat. Decorate souffle ready for serving.

Just Before Dinner: Arrange pieces of duck in serving dish; thicken sauce, check seasoning, and spoon over. Transfer rice to hot serving dish. Place dishes of melon on table. Announce dinner.

Continued on page 53



ICED MELON, cut into balls, begins Menu 1.

MENU 1

Iced Melon
Chinese Braised Duck
Hot Fluffy Rice
Lemon Cream Souffle
Coffee



LEMON CREAM SOUFFLE makes a delicious dessert.

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA
HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



Very New from Puffin: Golden Butternut Cake

**THE RICHEST BUTTERNUT CAKE
YOU EVER TASTED!**

New Puffin Golden Butternut Cake has a wonderfully rich, home-baked, buttery flavour. It'll melt in your mouth! And Puffin has added the mellow-rich flavour of Pecan and Hazel Nuts to make this the richest butternut cake you ever tasted. You add an egg and fresh milk to the mix, which even *increases* the richness — delicious buttercake richness that's made Puffin cakes so popular.

**MAKE THIS NEW PUFFIN CAKE
TODAY — GREAT AS A CAKE AND
PERFECT FOR PATTY CAKES,
TRIFLES AND PUDDINGS!**





OYSTERS BOURGUIGNONNE, served as first course on Menu 2.



CHICKEN IN A BASKET, in individual serves, is on Menu 2.



MENU 2

Oysters Bourguignonne
Chicken in a Basket
Green Salad
Passionfruit Cheese Cake
Coffee

DESSERT on Menu 2 is the Passionfruit Cheese Cake above. See recipes for Menu 2 overleaf.



SPECIAL PRAWN MAYONNAISE begins Menu 3, is easy to make.



KIDNEYS INDIENNE with Rice Pilaff is main dish on Menu 3.



CREAM PUFFS with strawberries (above) for dessert on Menu 3. See recipes overleaf.

MENU 3

Special Prawn Mayonnaise
Kidneys Indienne
Rice Pilaff
Green Salad
Strawberry Cream Puffs
Coffee

Continued overleaf

MENU 2

Pictures on previous page

OYSTERS BOURGUIGNONNE

Two dozen oysters on shell, 4oz. butter, 1 teaspoon finely chopped shallots, 2 cloves garlic (crushed), 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon white wine, fine breadcrumbs.

Arrange oysters in flat baking dish. Soften butter, add shallots, garlic, parsley, salt and pepper. Top oysters with butter mixture, sprinkle with wine and crumbs. Bake in hot oven about 5 minutes or until golden brown. Serve at once.

CHICKEN IN THE BASKET

Four small chickens (1 to 1½ lb. in weight), softened butter, 2 teaspoons paprika, salt, pepper, water or stock.

Truss chickens, rub with salt and pepper. Spread breasts and thighs with softened butter, place in baking dish; sprinkle with paprika. Pour in approximately 1 cup of stock or water, add chicken giblets if these are available. Bake in moderately hot oven 1 to 1½ hours or until chickens are well browned and tender. Turn and baste chickens during cooking time. Add little extra water to pan during cooking if necessary.

To Serve: Place chickens in small individual baskets lined with paper napkins. Serve with green salad.

PASSIONFRUIT CHEESECAKE

Crumb Crust: Half pound plain, sweet biscuits, 3oz. butter, ½ teaspoon cinnamon.

Filling: One pound cream cheese, ½ cup sugar, 3 eggs (separated), 3 tablespoons plain flour, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup whipped cream, 1 small can passionfruit pulp, extra whipped cream.

Crumb Crust: Crush biscuits very finely, mix with cinnamon. Add melted butter, blend well to make shortbread. Press mixture over base and sides of 8in. spring-form pan.

Filling: Soften cream cheese in bowl; gradually beat in sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in egg-yolks until just blended; stir in flour, lemon rind and juice, and vanilla. Beat egg-whites until they form soft peaks. Beat cream until stiff. Fold

beaten egg-whites, then cream into egg-yolk mixture with 1 tablespoon of passionfruit. Spoon into prepared crust; bake in slow oven 40 minutes to 1 hour; turn off heat. Leave in unit oven 1 hour longer. Cool, then chill. Just before serving, top with remaining passionfruit, decorate with extra whipped cream.

PREPARATION

The Day Before: Make Passionfruit Cheesecake; refrigerate overnight. Truss chickens ready for roasting; prepare baskets in which they are to be served. Make dressing for salad; wash and dry lettuce, place in refrigerator in plastic bag. Prepare garlic-flavored butter for oysters.

Night of the Party: When you arrive home put chickens on to cook. Decorate cheesecake and place on platter ready for serving. Prepare oysters. Tear lettuce into

bite-sized pieces, arrange in salad bowl.

Just Before Dinner: Start cooking oysters. Place chickens in covered dish, ready to be transferred to baskets; keep hot. Toss salad. Remove oysters from oven, place on serving plates. Announce dinner.

MENU 3

Pictures on previous page

SPECIAL PRAWN MAYONNAISE

One and a half pounds prawns, 2 egg-yolks, ¼ pint olive or salad oil, salt, pepper, juice 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon each chopped chives and parsley, 1 canned pimento (chopped), 1 tablespoon drained capers, lettuce leaves.

Shell prawns. Beat egg-yolks in warmed bowl, add salt, pepper, half the lemon juice. Warm oil, add gradually to egg mixture, stirring constantly with wooden spoon. When all oil is used and sauce is thick and smooth, add chives, parsley, remaining lemon juice, pimento, capers, prawns. Make bed of lettuce leaves in base of 4 serving dishes; top with prawns, spoon over sauce.

KIDNEYS INDIENNE

Sixteen lamb kidneys, 4oz. butter, 1 large onion (chopped), 2 teaspoons curry powder (or to taste), 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup stock, ½ cup cream, ¼lb. sliced mushrooms (sauteed in little extra butter), salt, pepper.

Skin kidneys, removing cores and membranes; cut in halves. Melt butter in large frying pan, add onion, saute 2 or 3 minutes. Add kidneys, cook gently until done (about 10 minutes). Add salt, pepper, flour, and curry powder; stir well, pour on stock. Bring to boil, stirring; reduce heat, add cream and mushrooms. Simmer until sauce is heated; serve with pilaff.

RICE PILAFF

Half pound long-grain rice, 1 small onion (finely chopped), ¼ bayleaf, 1 tablespoon oil, stock, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley or chives, salt and pepper, 1 red pepper.

Heat oil in saucepan, add chopped onion and bayleaf, cook slowly until onion is soft. Add rice, cook further 5 minutes, stirring. Then add stock to come about ½ in. above rice; bring to boil, cover tightly, cook slowly 20 to 25 minutes. Remove from heat, leave lid on pan further 5 minutes. Then stir rice gently with fork, add parsley or chives, sliced and blanched, red pepper, seasoning. Remove bayleaf.

STRAWBERRY CREAM PUFFS

One cup water, 2½oz. butter, pinch salt, 1 cup plain flour, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon sugar, sweetened whipped cream, strawberries.

Place water, butter, and salt in saucepan, bring to boil. Add sifted flour all at once, stirring vigorously with wooden spoon over heat until mixture is thick. When it forms a smooth ball and leaves sides of pan, remove from heat; cool slightly. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition; add sugar. Drop in spoonfuls on greased oven slide previously sprinkled with a little water. Sprinkle tops of puffs with a little water, bake in hot oven 10 minutes; reduce heat to moderate, bake further 20 to 30 minutes or until puffs are dry; cut small slit in sides of puffs to allow steam to escape; return to oven a few minutes to dry out; cool. At serving time, fill cooled puffs with sweetened whipped cream. Top each with strawberry, serve each with small bowl of strawberries, dusted with icing sugar.

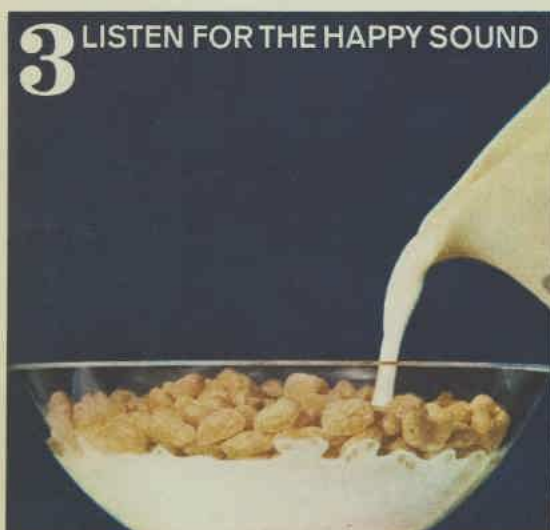
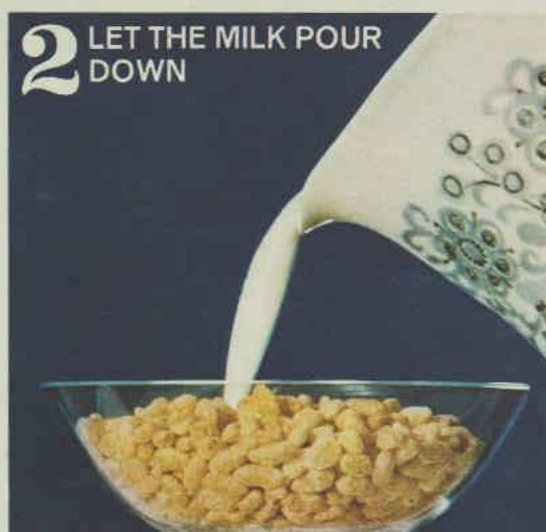
PREPARATION

The Day Before: Make sauce for prawn mayonnaise. Shell prawns, store in refrigerator. Wash lettuce and refrigerate, wrapped in plastic bag. Make cream puffs. Prepare salad dressing. Slice kidneys; refrigerate, wrapped in foil.

Night of the Party: When you arrive home, start cooking kidneys and rice pilaff. Combine shelled prawns with mayonnaise sauce, arrange in individual serving dishes. Place torn lettuce in salad bowl. Prepare small dishes of strawberries.

Just Before Dinner: Place cooked kidneys and rice pilaff on serving dish; keep hot. Fill cream puffs. Toss salad. Place prawn mayonnaise on table. Announce dinner.

RECIPE FOR THE HAPPY SOUND



Kellogg's Rice Bubbles! The only cereal so crisp it goes Snap! Crackle! Pop! when you pour on milk. So cheerfully delicious it fills you with fun (and the whole grain nourishment of rice). Make morning spirits bright with the happy sound of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles.

**Kellogg's
RICE
BUBBLES**

*Registered Trade Mark. †Rice Bubbles is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

MENU 4



Mushroom salad.

MUSHROOM SALAD

One pound very fresh mushrooms, salt, garlic, oil, chopped parsley, juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, freshly ground pepper, lettuce leaves.

Wipe mushrooms, slice finely. Place little salt in bowl, rub bowl with garlic. Add mushrooms, pour over sufficient oil to moisten. Mix lightly, set aside until mushrooms have absorbed most of oil (about 5 minutes). Sprinkle with generous amount of chopped parsley, add lemon juice and pepper. Taste mixture, add little more salt, pepper, lemon juice if necessary. Let stand about 5 minutes. Serve on lettuce.

NOISETTES OF LAMB

One loin of lamb (8 or more chops), salt, pepper, oil or melted butter, 1 packet quick-frozen snow peas, new potatoes, extra butter, chopped mint or parsley, quick-frozen baby carrots.

Ask your butcher to bone loin of lamb. Remove skin and excess fat, flatten, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Rub with cut clove of garlic if desired. Roll meat up firmly, secure with skewers. Tie pieces of string round roll, placing them 1 in. apart. Remove skewers, cut roll into slices so each slice has loop of string round centre. Brush slices with oil or melted butter, grill gently until cooked to taste. Serve with snow peas (cooked according to directions on package), new potatoes (boiled, drained, and tossed in melted butter and chopped mint or parsley), baby carrots.

CELEBRATION CASSATA

One small brick vanilla ice-cream, 1 tablespoon rum, 6 small chocolate peppermint-flavored biscuits (chopped into small pieces), 2 tablespoons chopped glace cherries, 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts, brandy or Mocha Rum Sauce.

Soften ice-cream slightly. Combine rum, biscuits, cherries, and nuts, stir into ice-cream. Spoon into loaf tin, cover with piece of aluminium foil; freeze until firm. At serving time, turn out of tin, cut into slices. Spoon little brandy over each slice before serving. Alternatively, freeze ice-cream in refrigerator tray. Place scoops of ice-cream in individual serving dishes, spoon over Mocha Rum Sauce.

Note: Quantity given above will serve 4. However, men like ice-cream — especially this well-flavored one, so you might like to be prepared for second helpings. If so, use a large vanilla ice-cream brick and increase quantities of remaining ingredients.

Mocha Rum Sauce: Four ounces dark chocolate, 1 cup strong black coffee, 1 tablespoon rum.

Chop chocolate, melt over hot water. Add coffee and rum, heat gently until sauce is smooth.

PREPARATION

The Day Before: Prepare the cassata; cover with aluminium foil, store in freezing compartment of refrigerator. Prepare noisettes of lamb.

Night of the Party: When you arrive home, prepare mushroom salad. Place noisettes of lamb in grill pan ready for cooking. Turn cassata into dish ready for serving; store in freezer until ready to serve. Cook vegetables, transfer to serving dishes; keep warm.

Just Before Dinner: Start cooking noisettes of lamb. Arrange mushroom salad on serving plates, place on table. Transfer cooked noisettes to serving dish; keep warm. Make Mocha Sauce. Announce dinner.

Mushroom Salad

Noisettes of Lamb

New Potatoes Snow Peas

Baby Carrots

Celebration Cassata

Coffee



Noisettes of lamb.



Celebration cassata.



Only one cheese was tasty enough for this

(The tastiest spaghetti ever—made by Kia-ora
from a new American recipe worth millions!)

And it didn't even exist. We had to develop a special cheddar cheese to match exactly the recipe for "Franco-American"—America's tastiest, sauciest, best-loved spaghetti in a can. It had to be matured 12 months. That's 3 months tastier than most cheddars you can buy.

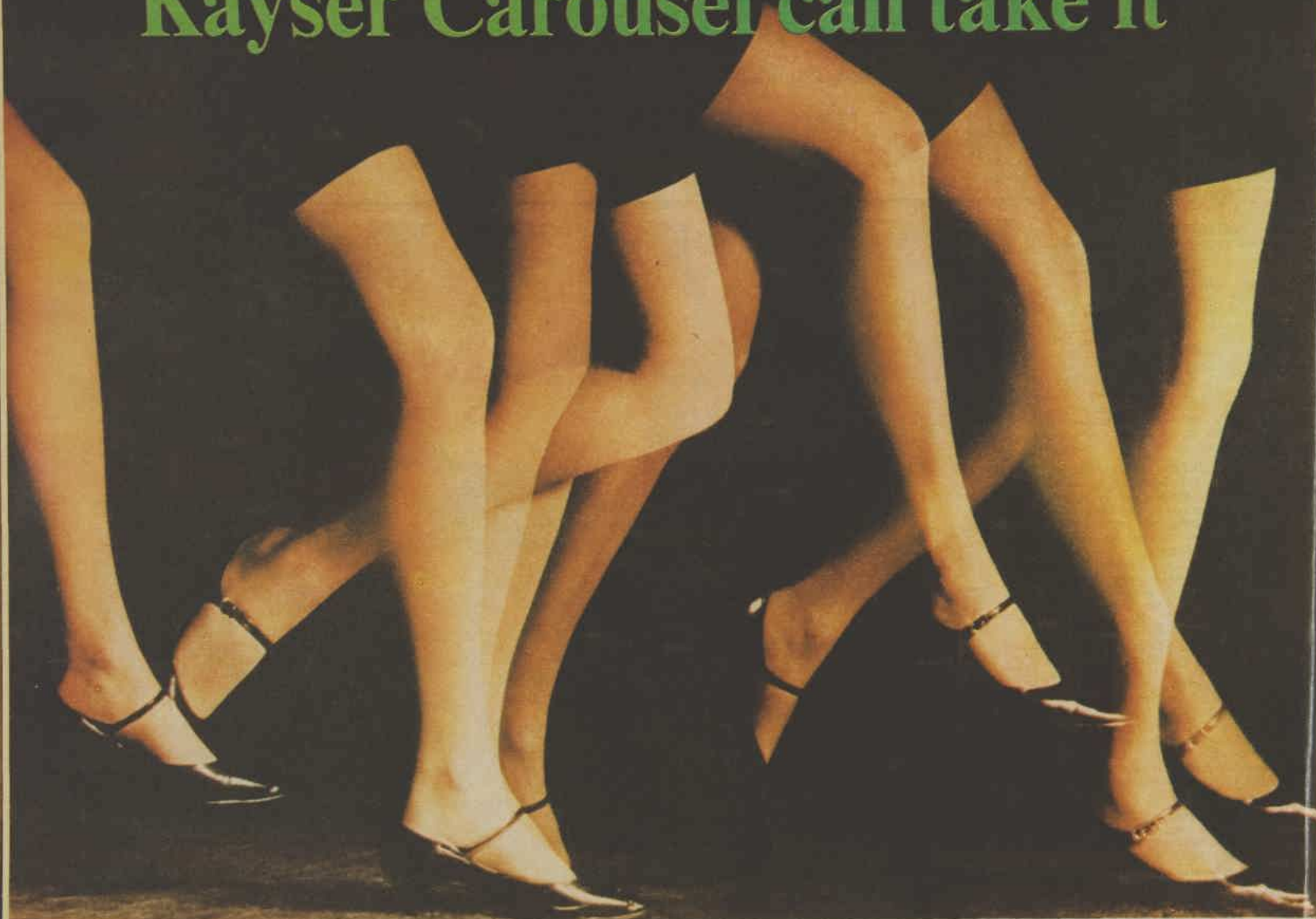
And this was only the beginning of the

task of re-creating a secret recipe worth millions. Then came the blending with rich, red-ripe tomatoes and spices, and the slow, careful cooking. Then the spaghetti—firmer, twirlier, with long strands you can really roll around a fork. Result? The sauciest spaghetti ever—now made by Kia-ora! Mm-mmmmmarvellous.



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Carousel is the only one tested over and over for perfection. Ask to see the two, madly exciting new colors Cassata, Coco Puff. Then start living it up!

9/11

Prize loaf is easy to make

● A lovely date loaf, for which all the ingredients are easily mixed together in one bowl, wins first prize of £5 in our weekly recipe contest.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for a tasty pilaff and for butterscotch buns; serve the buns with custard for a good family dessert.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

DATE AND NUT LOAF

One cup dates, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup walnuts, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, 1 cup boiling water, 6oz. self-raising flour.

Place dates, sugar, walnuts, butter or substitute, bicarbonate of soda, and salt into basin. Add boiling water, allow to stand until mixture is cool. Then add sifted flour and mix well. Pour into greased 8 x 4 in. loaf tin, bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Serve sliced with butter.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. G. Kirk, 60 Phillip St., Lakemba, N.S.W.

QUICK TASTY PILAFF

One tablespoon oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chuck steak (cut into 2 in. pieces), 1 onion, 1 bayleaf, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon monosodium glutamate, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups rice, salt, pepper, tomatoes, and parsley for garnish.

Brown steak and chopped onions in hot oil in saucepan. Add water and bayleaf, cook until meat is tender. Add rice, monosodium glutamate; cook further 12 to 15 minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve garnished with tomato slices and parsley sprigs.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. B. Warner, 8 Midson St., Stafford, Qld.

BUTTERSCOTCH BUNS

Two and half cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Filling: Two ounces butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currants, extra 4 tablespoons butter or substitute, extra 4 tablespoons brown sugar.

Sift flour and salt into basin. Rub in butter or substitute. Add milk, mix to scone consistency. Turn on to floured board, knead a few seconds. Roll to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness. Prepare filling by creaming together butter, brown sugar, and cinnamon;

spread on dough and sprinkle with currants. Roll up as for swiss roll; cut into 1 in. slices. Melt extra butter in an 8 in. square tin, add extra brown sugar, mix well. Place rolls in tin, cut side down. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate, bake further 15 to 20 minutes. Remove from tin, serve warm.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Huston, P.O. Box 40, Wondai, Qld.



DATE AND NUT LOAF wins the £5 prize.

Newest KRAFT Dinner! Spaghetti with Meat Sauce



Now, a generous helping of rich,
beefy sauce to make
this spaghetti dinner superb

Lean, tender beef and lots of it is what makes this new family dinner so special. Sauce, thick with beef and blended with onions, tomatoes and spices. You cook the thin Italian style spaghetti tender in minutes — just the way your family likes it. Pour the hot, meaty, sauce over the spaghetti, top with KRAFT® grated Parmesan cheese and here's spaghetti at your best. Everything you need is in the packet.



KRAFT HOME COOKED DINNERS

THE KIND YOU COOK UP QUICK



for good food
and
good food ideas

HOME HINTS

● Readers win £1/1/- for each of these useful household hints.

FOR a quick barbecue sauce, use a mixture of tomato sauce, Worcestershire sauce, and vinegar. Use twice as much tomato sauce as the other ingredients. — Mrs. A. R. Fuller, Hill St., Bellingen, N.S.W.

You can widen the scope of your flower arrangements by using pinking shears to cut leaves to any desired shape. My first attempt, using loquat leaves in green, brown, and gold, made quite a hit with my friends. — Mrs. H. Pettifer, 44 Walbuendry Ave., North Balwyn, Vic.

Fish can be sealed inside a large clear plastic bag, to prevent the mess this job usually entails. — Mrs. D. Parrott, Flat 1, 63 Churchill Rd., Prospect, S.A.

Dampen a block of camphor and rub over fruit stains; wash as usual and the stains will disappear. — Mrs. Shirley Owens, 155 Nelson St., Kalunga, Brisbane.

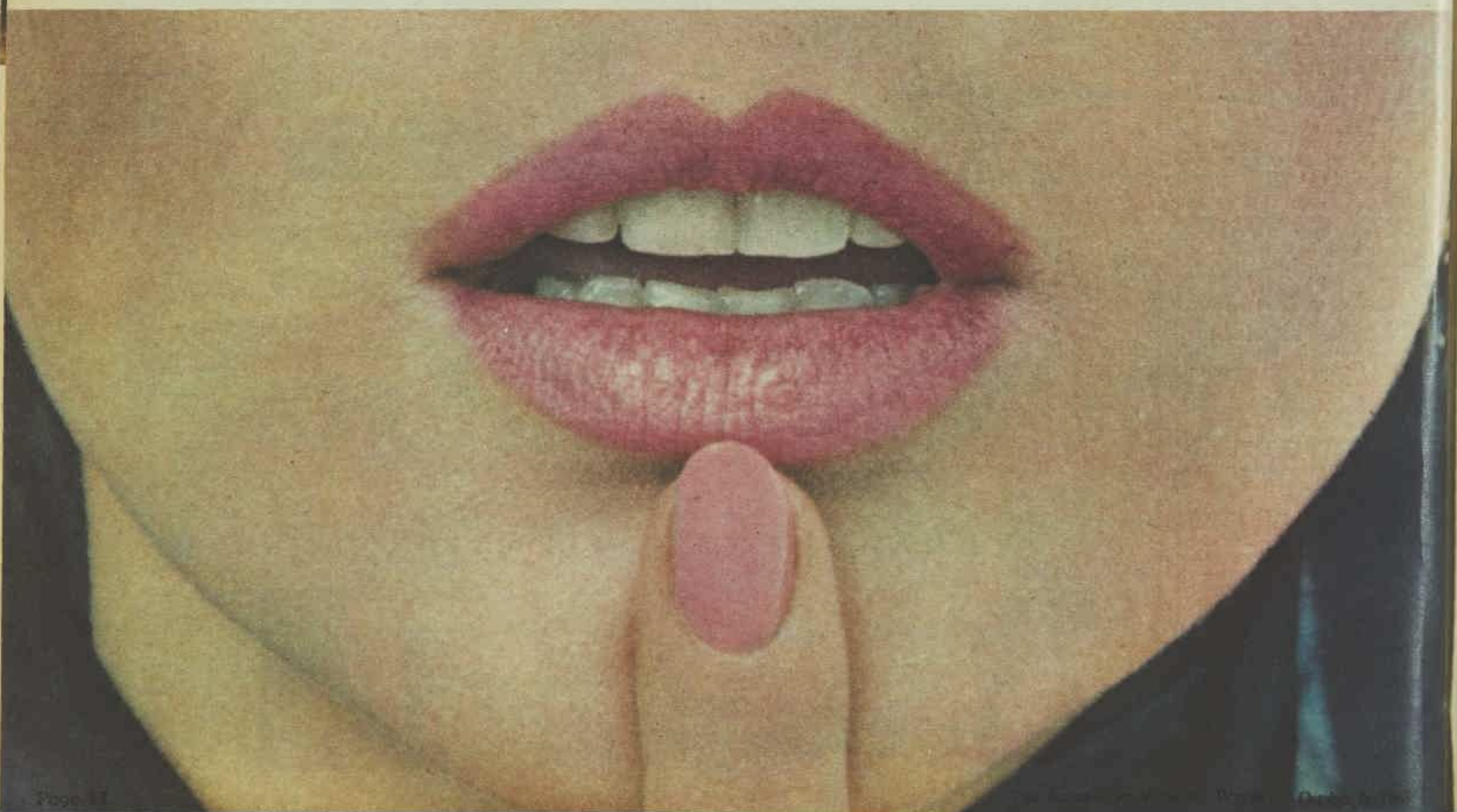
Don't throw away talcum-powder tins. Make the holes a little larger and fill with washing powder. Then there is no danger of putting in too much powder in the washing water. — Mrs. A. Haire, Lorraine St., Essendon, Vic.

If your child eats in a high-chair, place a 36 in. square plastic tablecloth under the chair. It is easier to pick up the cloth and clean it than to mop up the floor. — Mrs. C. Carlon, 50 Alfred St., Mittagong, N.S.W.



Dry lips are out. Now your lips shimmer with colour. Golden cased.

COTY creates shimmering new Spring-Summer fashion colours in a moisturised Coty lipstick new from America... keeps your lips soft, alive, luscious. **CREMESTICK**



HERB PLOTS

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Growing herbs—in the garden or in containers—is a most pleasant and useful little hobby.

MANY herbs are decorative in the garden, especially as edging. Most will grow in any fairly light, well-drained soil in sunny positions.

Where possible, grow them in a place by themselves. The herb garden can be a delightful little section, surrounded perhaps by a low hedge of lavender or rosemary, or low wall.

And growing herbs in containers on the kitchen window-sill is the ultimate in convenience. Mix some leafmould or compost into the soil, provide good drainage, and water regularly but not too much.

Some herbs are annuals, and need replenishing every year; the perennials usually benefit by dividing and replanting every third year.

Some manuring or fertilising is desirable, but this can easily be overdone. Too rich a soil causes exuberant leaf growth and a lower percentage of oil content.

The regular nipping off of leaf supplies keeps the plants compact and well shaped.

BASIL (*Ocimum basilicum*) is an easily grown but frost-tender annual. Sweet Basil grows to 2ft. and Bush Basil to about 6in. They usually prefer a warm, fairly dry, sunny position,

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CULINARY SAGE is pretty when in bloom. Makes a good border.

although partial shade is needed if the climate is hot and dry. Sow seed in late spring or early summer, but watch out for snails and slugs, as they are very partial to these plants.

Basil is strongly aromatic, and although most commonly used with tomatoes, is excellent for soups and salads. Ordinary white vinegar can be pleasantly flavored by infusing the leaves. When the plants have flowered they can be cut down, dried, and stored.

Sweet Basil is claimed to repel insects, so that a pot or two on the veranda might help to keep mosquitoes or flies away.

CHIVES (*Allium schoenoprasum*) are hardy perennials, often used as edging in vegetable gardens. Grow them in full sun or partial shade from seed sown in spring or from bulbs. Divide the clumps yearly to avoid overcrowding.

The leaves give a delicious onion-like flavor to soups, salads, sandwiches, and omelets. Use fresh.

DILL (*Anethum graveolens*) is an annual up to 3ft. high with finely divided leaves and pale yellow flowers. Prefers full sun. Seed is usually sown in spring in the open ground and thinned out if necessary. Cut the leaves as you need them; the dried ones lose their flavor.

Dill gives a delicate flavor to sandwiches, pickles, and fish sauces.

Dill-water has been used from early times to soothe unhappy babies. It is said that the Puritans, overcome by an inordinately long sermon, chewed Dill seeds to keep awake.

FLORENCE FENNEL (*Foeniculum vulgare* var. *dulce*) is a perennial, but is usually grown as an annual. Up to 3ft. high, with finely divided leaves and small yellow flowers, it prefers a sunny position and plenty of moisture.

Leaves and seeds are used for flavoring salads and mayonnaise. The base of the leaves or stems becomes thickened and can be used raw or cooked.

MARJORAM (*Majorana hortensis* or *Origanum majorana*) is a perennial up to 2ft. high, but is sometimes treated as an annual in very cold districts. It is quite easily grown by seed sown in spring or by division in spring or autumn, and prefers a sunny, well-drained position.

The leaves, used fresh or dried, impart a distinctive flavor to meats, especially poultry, and can be used in salads and sandwiches.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 250

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TOO DEAR FOR MY POSSESSING

Continued from page 27

to her voice seemed to pull all the marrow out of his bones, and because he resented violently the thought of her being at the mercy of anonymous males who made passes at her, and because he didn't know what to do about the whole mess, he said, "Did you call just to find out the time?"

Her chuckle came over the wire, bringing back remembrance of countless other Sunday mornings, with her propped up in bed against pillows, half awake, half alert, but unfailingly cheerful, talking just this way to friends who might call at such an hour, with him saying grouchy from beside her, "Tell

them we dropped dead an hour ago. Tell them there's nobody home."

There had always been so many calls when he lived with her, so many people who seemed to need some contact with her, if only just to listen to the sound of her voice and the warmth of her laughter.

"Now, don't be a drag, darling," she said. "I had other and valid reasons for calling. I have it written right here on my bedside pad, 'Call Bill first thing in the morning,' it says. In very large, somewhat shaky letters, I might add."

There was a short pause, and then she said, "But I'm darned if I can remember what about," and he could see her as if he were beside her once again, frowning, eyes squinted in conversation. He

had always thought her loveliest in the mornings, with her face free of the careful make-up she used, her loose hair a misty, golden aura about her narrow, delicately boned face.

"Oh, now I remember," she squeaked delightedly. "It's our anniversary!"

"I thought that was in June," he said stiffly.

"Not our wedding anniversary, silly. Our divorce. Just a year ago today."

"Is this something to celebrate?" he asked, annoyed.

"Ah, don't be angry with me, Bill. I was really in the depths last night. I was thinking of all the mad, glad days, and all the bad, sad things, and how I broke down and cried when I had to give testimony . . .

"I was so surprised and really outraged at making such a fool of myself because I'd been so sure it would go like a breeze in that relaxed tropical-island atmosphere. You know . . . because it was so remote from our life together, it just didn't seem real there. But it was real, man, when I came right down to it."

ARE you asking me to feel sorry for you? he wanted to say angrily. It was all your idea, you know. But he said nothing. Wasn't, actually, capable of saying anything. It was months since he'd stopped saying, "Come home, Daphne. Come home."

"Oh, well you know what a fool I can be. I shouldn't be talking like this. I know divorce was the answer. But every now and then I get so down. And last night after I got rid of that dreadful man I remembered the divorce thing was just a year ago today, and I felt the need to talk to you."

"Well, happy divorce anniversary to you, Daphne. And thanks ever so much for calling to remind me."

"Now you're getting annoyed with me again. Please, Bill, don't. I just thought if you weren't doing anything perhaps we could have dinner tonight. There are things I want to ask your advice about."

He was silent so long that she said finally, "Bill? What's the matter, have you got a dinner date? Just say so, for heaven's sake."

"No, I haven't got a date." Liar, he said to himself. You may not have a date in the sense of having

FROM THE BIBLE

● *Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called.*

—Timothy 6:12.

asked for one, but you know perfectly well Fran expects to spend the whole day and evening with you. She's out there now cooking an elaborate brunch, and after that you'll take her gallery hopping, and later she'll say, "Let's have dinner at my place." The way it's been for quite a few Sundays now.

"Oh, well, good-o," Daphne said. "Then you can have dinner with me? I really think I'd jump out a window if I couldn't see you today."

He looked up from the phone to see that Fran had come in from the kitchen to stand inquiringly in the doorway of the living-room, and he said hastily, "I'll call you later about time," and hung up.

Fran gave him that twisted smile that he'd first thought rather forbiddingly sardonic until he learned it was just protective coloring for her painful sensitivity.

We all hide something behind the contrived look on our faces, don't we? he thought sadly. Fran features an ironic smile because she's twenty-eight and unmarried and frustrated and unhappy about it and doesn't want people to know

To page 61

ANNOUNCING THE NEW HOOVER CONSTELLATION



You really must look into the new Constellation
(Because most of the features are inside!)



Still the world's most effective suction! And wait till you see all the exciting new features: A radically new dust collection system; an easy-to-use, new design cleaning head for all floors; and a new, modern colour scheme. Plus all the features that have made the Constellation the top-selling cleaner in Australia: the exclusive "walk-on-air" — double stretch hose and fingertip suction control. Look into the new Hoover Constellation at your Hoover retailer now!



New dust collection system New, low-cost throw-away paper dust bags, held inside a big-capacity cloth bag. A handy pistol-grip handle makes emptying the bag easiest of all. It's the simplest, most hygienic and most economical method there is.



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NEW HOOVER Constellation CLEANER
... More than ever, the most beautiful,
most efficient cleaner you can buy!



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MADE

TOO DEAR FOR MY POSSESSING

Continued from page 60

it. I have perfected a brooding acowl that I fondly hope fools people into thinking me a deeply thoughtful and serious and completely reliable character, when I'm actually nothing but a mixed-up bowl of mush.

Daphne has the smile of an angel and electrically sparkling eyes that give her a facade of such charm and glamor and self-assurance that you'd have to live with her for two years as I did to learn that she's just a little girl frightened. Or don't I know her yet?

We're all so unsure of everything, he thought. And even more uncertain of ourselves. How do you know how to cope with the grisly problems of life when you don't even know how to cope with yourself? And I guess knowing yourself is the last thing you ever get to know, if you ever do.

Fran said, with the wry smile, "Everything's ready, m'lord. Where would you like it served?"

HE made the adjustment back from Daphne to Fran. "You're spoiling me rotten, Fran. You should say, 'Hey, you lug, how about taking me out to eat for a change?'"

"But it's my pleasure, sire, to serve you," she said, giving it the ironic delivery that was designed to mask the fact that she really meant it.

Even since the time he'd thoughtlessly told her that Daphne hadn't liked cooking she had knocked herself out fixing meals for him. It had got to a point where it was somewhat embarrassing, seeming to put him under more obligation than he cared to be.

It was too delicate a subject to explore verbally with her, but he had an instinctive male horror of being the recipient of too much largesse from an unattached female. The fact that he suspected her solicitude (and/or servitude) was in large part due to her knowledge of his financial condition (not good) made it even harder to bear.

She couldn't have been in a better position to know his financial condition since she was his lawyer's secretary. He had met her first when he'd gone to Jim Mathews to throw the whole mess of his disintegrating marriage on his desk. Gone reluctantly, and only after learning he would need legal representation even though he'd agreed to the divorce Daphne seemed to feel was the only answer to their problems.

Having had no real necessity for a lawyer before that (any minor problems had always been handled by the legal representative of the electronics firm where he was a junior executive), he had dredged up the name of Jim Mathews, an old classmate, someone not too closely intimate for it to be embarrassing, yet not too remote to understand the problem, and still in a proper enough social status so Daphne's mother couldn't find another excuse to look down her nose at him.

He had been full of a great disgust for himself when he went into Jim Mathews' office that day — a guy who'd been unable to make his marriage work, the rejected rotten apple in the barrel, a man, completely, dejectedly (and heart-brokenly) miserable, and yet still a man who could be niggling enough to feel a necessity to get the proper, socially correct attorney to represent him.

As if it could matter to the corpse what agent presided over its death rites.

Jim's secretary had come out to explain regretfully that he'd have to wait a few minutes until Mr. Mathews disposed of another client.

Feeling like an anxious patient waiting to be summoned to the dentist's chair who grasps at any diversion from his impending doom, he had nervously asked her (he couldn't have cared less at the moment) who had painted the large vivid canvas that hung in the reception area.

"Isn't it exciting?" she had said.

Her face had become suddenly lively with interest, and he had found himself distracted enough to notice that she was a very nice-looking young woman.

"It's a Howard Hardy," she said. "He's a friend of Mr. Mathews. He's a wonderful painter, you really should see some of his other work. He's having a one-man show starting next week, and if you're interested I'm sure he'd be delighted to send you an invitation to the opening party."

"Why, that would be fine," he'd said, and completely forgotten about it until he received the invitation a few days later, and having nothing better to do had gone, and, of course, he'd run into Jim and his wife, Sarah, and the secretary, Fran

Bailey. They had all gone out to dinner afterwards and he had taken Fran home, and that was how it started.

He looked at her now, standing in the doorway with her wry smile, a tall, nice-looking young woman with dark hair she wore in a simple short cut that he knew instinctively was not particularly fashionable but which pleased him because it framed her face tidily, and wearing a beige sweater and skirt — the kind of undistinguished, conservative outfit Daphne wouldn't be caught dead in.

He had been so pleased that morning when he'd opened the door to look upon her eager face, and to find her still smelling freshly and

To page 62

FOR THE CHILDREN

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by TIM



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Continued from page 61

enticingly of the cold snowy air she'd braved to come to him, her ironic smile masking not at all her bright delight to be there.

It had been a warm, good moment, with him pecking her proffered cheek, shaking the snow from her coat, he filled with a comforting knowledge of a pleasurable, lazy Sunday ahead.

And now, goaded by a stinging in his veins from Daphne's call, he deplored her presence. He had a feeling of being trapped, and suddenly was resenting the implied commitment of a whole day ahead with her when something so much more exciting beckoned.

In the beginning with Fran he had never intended to become much involved with her. Weeks would go by without his giving her a thought, and he would seek her out only when his own company became intolerable. There was something relaxing in the fact that she knew his situation inside and out.

She was happy to explore inexpensive restaurants with him and would chide him for extravagance when he'd insist on splurging.

It was only in the past few months that they'd got into this regular weekend routine.

When Daphne left him he had stayed on in the two-bedroom apartment they'd shared, at first hoping desperately that she'd return eventually. He'd continued to remain out of their inertia and the knowledge that any move would be more of an expense than he was put to now in this rent-controlled building. And expenses had assumed nagging, worrisome proportions.

Besides having had to increase the amount he sent to his mother each week because she'd lost her job, Daphne's divorce trip to the Virgin Islands and legal fees had been a severe jolt to his finances. And although Daphne had not requested alimony and had got a job as stylist for a fashion photographer, her salary was modest and her living expenses higher than his, and now and then he'd have her rent to pay as well as his own.

In addition to entertaining Daphne, whenever she'd let him, in the posh places she liked, there were gifts — he was always seeing something that seemed just right for her. (Trying to buy her back? he sometimes wondered.)

Their cleaning woman had left to go with Daphne when she got the new apartment, and in the interests of economy he had never hired another. Although immaculate about his clothes and person, he was not particularly neat otherwise, and it bothered him not at all to see dishes piled in the sink and a towering clutter on tables and dresser tops with a coating of soot and dust over all.

Occasionally when he expected company he would get the doorman's cousin in to clean, but for the rest of the time he lived unheeding in the shambles of his bachelor disorder.

One Friday evening when he'd suggested stopping for a nightcap somewhere, Fran had said, "Let's go to your place instead. I've never seen it."

When he let her in, saying, "Welcome to the Augean Stables," she had proposed coming over the next day to give the apartment a good cleaning. She had come, and he had helped her clean, and they'd had a good time doing it, and had gone to dinner

and a movie afterwards. Later she had suggested coming over the next day to cook a late breakfast for him.

He rarely saw her during the week, but on Fridays he usually took her to dinner, and the following Friday when he dropped her off at her place she had said, "I'll be over about ten in the morning to clean the Augean Stables again, if you'd like."

And so it had continued. Saturday cleaning day, with dinner out and a movie or concert afterwards. Sunday brunch at his place, then

Daphne? That once again he had been fooled into thinking their marriage might resume?

Although he kept all this sort of thing from his reports, he was never quite sure that he was fooling Fran, who was a very perceptive girl. Nor was he ever quite sure that in holding these facts back it was Daphne's honor he was protecting or his own.

He had to be very careful anyway, because Fran bristled at any reference to Daphne. Not an overt bristling, of course, but he could tell by

too. I guess I nagged and criticised her a lot about her extravagance. Money quarrels can be the most destructive. It got to a point where we said some pretty terrible things to each other, and one day I slapped her and she walked out and never came back."

"Maybe she brought out the beast in you," Fran said, trying but not succeeding to make her smile humorous.

"I guess I was too much in love with her. And jealous, too. What it really was, I suppose, was that I was immature, what they call a bad marriage risk."

"I doubt that," Fran had said loyally. "If you had the right person..."

He had changed the subject then, not wanting to pursue that particular risky line.

They had Fran's delicious meals of sausage and omelet and hot rolls and plum preserves on the dining table that had been so infrequently used during his marriage to Daphne.

A good deal of the time they had had dinner out at some restaurant of Daphne's choosing, or partaken of a lap meal that she had thrown together, with her asking anxiously while he ate, "Is it all right, Bill? Now be honest—is it at all edible?" while his appetite was gradually murdered by the necessity of giving constant assurance that it was gourmet fare.

Fran's meals were a kind of luxury he'd never known, even when he lived at home. His widowed mother would slap fruit juice and cereal and milk on the table before him and fly out to catch a bus to get to her job; and in the evening she'd open cans or heat a frozen meal.

He'd worked a good part of his way through college as a waiter, and in the years before his advancement with the company and before his marriage, he had eaten mainly in cheap restaurants and cafeterias. Taking it all together, there was a most pleasurable luxuriousness about sitting down to Fran's excellent cooking.

Usually, anyway. But not this Sunday. All he could think of (while Fran's eyes silently implored, "Tell me I cook better than Daphne. Tell me I'm all round better

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TOO DEAR FOR MY POSSESSING



museums or hikes around the city, and dinner later at her apartment.

It was a pleasant arrangement. For him, anyway. Sometimes he wondered if he was being quite fair with Fran, but since she seemed to derive as much pleasure from it as he, he didn't brood about it.

Occasionally there would be a call from Daphne, a subsequent meeting with her, and with a scrupulous sense of fairness (or was it simply that he was so obsessed with Daphne that he used every valid opportunity to talk about her?) he would report these happenings to Fran.

But there was much that he deleted from his reports. How could he tell her that he had spent the night with

that certain look of elaborate disinterest. He found himself being put to the necessity of editing very carefully from all replies to Fran's not-so-subtle questioning any information that would enhance Daphne's value.

When he told Fran, the one time they discussed the break-up, that he knew he had been difficult to live with — Daphne being gregarious, he wanting her all to himself, he wanting peace and quiet at home, Daphne wanting music and gaiety — Fran had said sceptically, "Is that enough reason to break up a marriage?"

"Well, it brought on quarrels," he'd said. "And continued quarrelling can undermine any relationship. I was worried about money,

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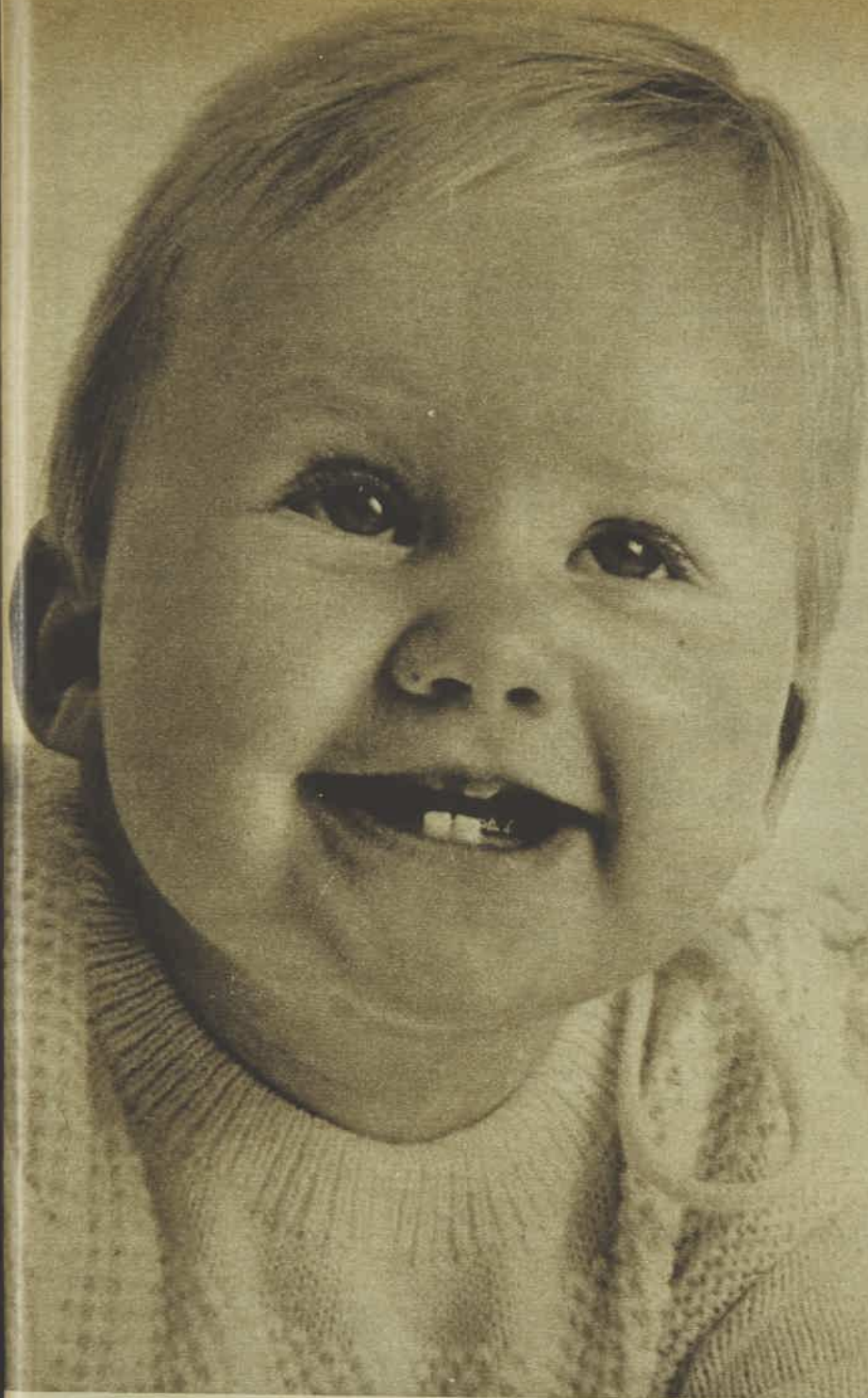
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LULUBELLE



"Have you only got little sailing boats? I'd rather have a yacht."

TOO DEAR FOR MY POSSESSING

Continued from page 62

than she is") was how to tell her he would have to cut their day short.

With typical male cowardice in such matters, he put off the evil moment, any possible enjoyment in the day clouded over by the impending doom of his announcement, and a most unreasonable resentment of Fran as the cause of it.

It was four o'clock when they came out of the art gallery, and Fran said, "Let's go to my place now and put our feet up and talk about the many moods of Picasso. I have a sensational steak for later, she said cowering. Or should I say bull-yingly?"

It had begun to snow again, sparse flakes that whirled giddily about them. She had stopped to face him, standing there with her face raised to his, the usual wry smile replaced by an incredible softness of expression that lent a kind of beauty to her features.

Something about the look hurt him deeply. He had been sure for some time, the way a person can be sure about such things without a word ever having been spoken, that she was his for the taking. He had also felt sure that it would be a rich experience. But this was not a girl who held herself lightly, or whom you took lightly, and he had had no

wish to commit himself to her so irrevocably.

He had never liked her more than he did at that moment when he had to hurt her. He brushed a snowflake gently from her eyelash, feeling miserably compounded of guilt and meanness.

"I'm sorry I can't go with you, Fran, he said cowardly. And I do mean cowardly. I should have told you earlier."

The softness went from her face, leaving it cold and still. She didn't say anything for a long moment, holding his eyes with a cool measuring regard.

"It's Daphne, isn't it?" she said finally, her voice showing her disdain for the name and the person it represented. "She's got to you again, hasn't she? Does she want you back? I'd like you to be honest with me."

"If you mean remarriage, she certainly doesn't want that."

"Then why doesn't she leave you alone?"

"Look, Fran, she needs some advice. She has no head for figures. She was depressed when she called, and she needed my help, and . . . well, I just have to help her."

"Why?"

HE felt anger beginning to rise in him. He had never had any reason to believe that Fran, of all people, would want to prolong such a distasteful discussion.

"Look, Fran," he said, trying to be patient, "Daphne is a complex person. And a not very happy one. I suppose the easy way would be to blame it on her mother."

In the early months of his bewitchment, Daphne had said, "If I ever get out of line, try to understand what makes me that way. Mother raised me to believe I was something special, because her family was something special, as she always pointed out very pointedly. Even though nearly all the family money was gone, we were still better than most people, she implied. She started brainwashing me at a very early age, and that kind of thing has a way of sticking."

"But she was right," he'd said. "You are something special."

And he'd believed, and continued to believe it, even during and after their nerve-shattering quarrels.

"You have to understand the kind of person Daphne is," he went on lamely to Fran.

"Why?" she said again.

"What more do I have to understand than what I already know? She left you, she doesn't want to be married to you, but she doesn't want to let you go. Why not?"

He shook his head. "I guess she needs me. She needs somebody, Fran. She's basically an awfully nice person, and even though she couldn't stand me as a husband, which I guess was my fault, she likes me as a friend. Or needs me as a friend, perhaps."

"That all sounds like a lot of hogwash to me," Fran said. "The fact is she's not going to let you go until she's found somebody else, and she'll never find anybody else until you let her go. Why don't you break it off clean and let her find a man to marry and then she'll be off your back?"

She gave him a narrowed look and said, "But maybe you don't want her off your back."

He couldn't answer that, and stood there looking at her wordless, confused, and dismayed by this change in her, this metamorphosis of a soft moth into an angry firebird.

She turned from him then and said, "All right. Go. I'm sick to death of being around a man who's forever mooning about another woman," and hurried away from him.

He caught up with her and said, "Let me take you home," but she gave him an icy look and a curt, "No, thank you."

He put her into a taxi, and stood on the kerb's edge for a long moment, taking some deep breaths



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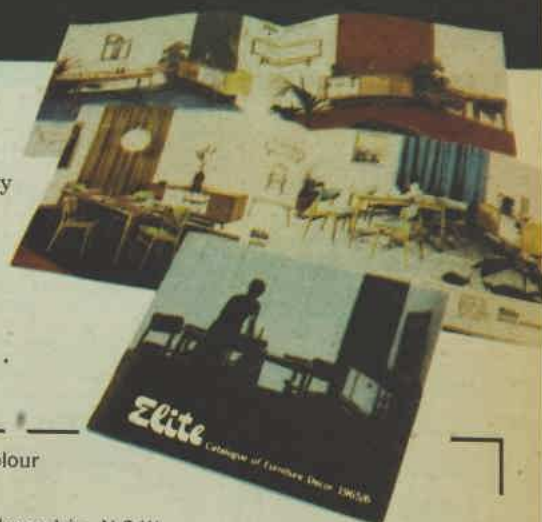
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of the snow-laden air, and then went to telephone Daphne he'd be there at six-thirty.

By the time he got home there was no room in his mind for Fran. He showered again and changed all his clothes, anticipation leaping wildly in him.

He counted his notes and change, arriving at a total of 26 dollars and 35 cents, and worriedly tried to figure how to make it cover the evening ahead. He had made it a rule never to use his credit cards for anything but business expenses, and his cheque account was so low he hesitated to draw on it until his next pay cheque came through.

As he left the apartment its neatness and the connection of this tidiness with Fran gave him a small pang. He was further depressed by the realisation that he hadn't sent his mother her cheque this week. It would have to wait now until next week, when it would have to be double the amount.

He said, "Oh, hell," and slammed the door after him.

As he walked to the bus stop he passed a florist shop that was open, and he paused before it for a long hesitant moment. He never went to Daphne without bearing gifts, but he really couldn't afford . . . Five minutes later he came out of the florist shop with a shiny box that held a spray of the small orchids Daphne liked, leaving behind a cheque for fifteen dollars.

His spirits rose as the bus lumbered along, until he became so charged with the excitement of going to Daphne that he could scarcely contain himself. He had a feeling of going back in time to the courtship days when he had been forever filled with the wonder and awe of being chosen by this marvellous girl.

Everything about her had enchanted him. Her improbable name of Daphne DuBois, her miraculous looks, her charm, her grace, her gaiety, her taste.

SHE had lived with her mother in the sprawling apartment they owned, a place of soft, warm, muted colors, and priceless old carpeting and tapestries and exquisite furniture, with the gentle gleam of rich woods and heirloom silver all tastefully brought together to produce an effect, the like of which he'd never known, that sometimes left him tongue-tied.

Going into the fragrant hush of those lovely rooms to pick up Daphne or to stay for sherry and dinner was like being transported to another planet. Her mother had not approved of him, of course, and he didn't blame her at all. He was certainly not good enough nor well established enough for a girl like Daphne. The magical part was that Daphne wanted him as much as he wanted her — there had always been between them an overwhelming chemical attraction — and in the end Daphne had had her way.

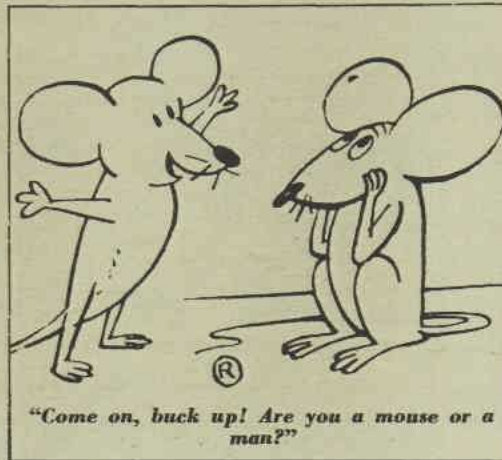
As the elevator lifted him in the elegant building where she had a one-bedroom apartment that cost twice what his larger one did, there was remembered music running

Continued from page 66

through his head, music that meant Daphne, that meant them, that meant excruciating love moments.

He had meant to be in complete control of himself, to show restraint with her, but when she opened the door to him, radiant, incredibly lovely in a well-bred, expensive black decollete gown, he grabbed for her hungrily. She kissed him back, equally hungrily, while his head reeled and he thought ruefully, Ah, sex, you're a cruel master.

She drew away from him and traced a finger along his cheek, regarding him with sad fondness. "That part has al-



ways been awfully good with us, hasn't it?"

He shook himself angrily out of his coat. "If you still feel that way about me why can't we stop all this damn nonsense and try it again?"

She stood there, holding the florist box he'd thrust at her, half-smiling half-frowning. "Ah, Bill, you remember how grim things got when we lived together. I couldn't go through all that again. And let's not go into it all again now. Maybe I'm just not good for you. Or just not good for marriage."

She opened the shiny box and took out the spray of orchids. "Bill!" she squeaked delightedly. "You madman! How wonderful of you!" She placed the flowers like a crown on her hair and danced away from him to inspect herself in a mirror.

"I'll wear them in my hair. Bill, let's go somewhere posh for dinner where I can show off your orchids."

He said, "All right," while he mentally bade goodbye to fifty or sixty dollars and accepted the necessity of having to use a credit card.

Dinner (with champagne because Daphne was so happy about this gala reunion) was for him an endless time to plod through until he could once again be alone with her. He tried to find out what it was she had wanted to discuss with him, but she said, "Oh, income-tax stuff, but let's not go into it now. I'm too gorgeously champagne-d." Later, going up in the elevator to her apartment, she leaned against him, eyes closed; and when they were inside she said softly, "I don't know what I'd do without you. Bill. I don't think I

could bear it if you weren't always somewhere in my life."

Frustration and resentment had been building up in him all evening without his consciously realising it until all at once he felt he would explode from it.

He said, "And you're pretty sure, aren't you, that I'll always be around?" He shrugged out of his coat and threw it on to a chair.

She was standing before a mirror with a small narcissistic smile curling her lips, adjusting the orchid halo this way and that.

He went to her and grabbed her wrist roughly. "A girl I

Daphne's face. She was jealous! Jealous of Fran!"

He said, "That kind of talk doesn't become you. Daphne. I guess we both ought to try to grow up and face facts."

She came to him and put her arms around his neck. "Darling," she said, "don't you know? People don't grow up, they just grow old."

"That's one of those remarks that sounds smart but isn't," he said. "I don't want to grow old without growing up first. Daphne, you know that corny thing — Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be. How about it? Will you grow old along with me?"

Her face registered exaggerated horror. "Bill, I don't want to grow old along with anyone. I don't want to grow old, period. Don't give me the creeps, please."

She plucked the spray of orchids from her hair and held them before her nose, sniffing at them. "It's always so funny about orchids," she said. "They look as if they should smell gorgeously, but they never do. Thank you, Bill, darling, for bringing them to me. They were just what I needed tonight."

Rage exploded in him. He thought furiously. Don't you give any thought at all to what they cost me? Haven't you any idea of what a hole they've made in my budget? Have you any idea of the sacrifices I make for you, to make you happy? (Or is it to keep me in your good graces?) I take a nice girl to cheap restaurants so I can entertain you at the fancy ones. That's pretty disgusting of me, I suddenly realise.

It seemed quite clear to him all at once. She was not only bankrupting him financially, she was bankrupting him emotionally. If he continued this way there wouldn't be anything of him left to offer anyone else.

"I think I'll go now," he said.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "You can't leave now, Bill."

"I've got to, Daphne. Shakespeare said it for me:

'Farewell, thou art too dear for my possessing.'

"No, Bill! Please." But he snatched up his coat and escaped. That was how it seemed to him — an escape. Whether from her or from himself he wasn't quite sure.

He emerged from the building and stood for a while on the sidewalk, breathing with effort. He was free of her now, he supposed. He'd finally taken his stand, finally understood himself and the situation, he supposed. But there was no comfort in the knowledge of it.

He knew only a deep sadness for all the wasted years and all the wasted emotion and all the impossible dreams.

He was free now to take all that Fran offered, if he wanted. Did he so wish? He didn't know. There was a great hungering need in him for someone, someone to bind his wounds, to cuddle his vanity, to make him feel like a whole man again. Someone his very own, who would live for him alone.

There was no doubt Fran was a woman like that. She would give all of herself; whereas Daphne was a person who offered tantalising bits and pieces, sometimes whole great marvellous chunks, and then took them back. You'd always be sure where you stood with Fran. You'd never have to endure that horrible, depleting, sometimes marvellously rejuvenating and always exciting kind of life you'd lived with Daphne.

But would that be enough? Without the breathless enchantment? And would it be fair to Fran?

He didn't know, he didn't know.

Right now he'd take a long walk in the cold night air and try to think it through. And if he came to any conclusion he'd call Fran. It was comforting to know that she wouldn't mind being awakened from sleep to hear what he might have to say.

(Copyright)

Twinkles

for
young ladies
growing into
style

You'll adore these party-time shoes featuring the tapered toe. Available in Black Patent or White Yearling. Sizes 4 to 12. Priced from 35/11.

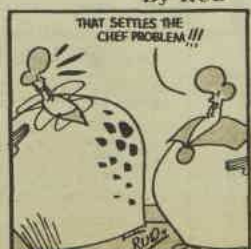
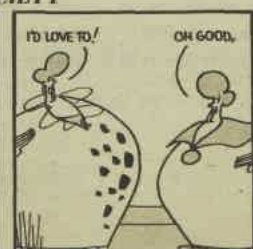
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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD



PINK SPOTS on white Swiss voile make this gay young blouse. Wide, frilled neckline and cuffs are bound to match a long skirt of cotton crepe.

Fashions go dotty

● There's a rush into spots this spring and suddenly they're everybody's love.

This season the theme is played up big in dotty spots and polka dots, coin spots, and gay confetti dots, and, on the animal level, dalmatian and huge jumbo spots.

Sometimes flurries of different size spots are seen together in fashions as widely different as the three Swiss voile designs posed negligently on the ladder at right.

A spring shower of solid black spots embellishes the swinging new style pictured below; this version is all bold color and flying handkerchief points.

(Fashions from David Jones Ltd., Sydney.)

Teenagers

WEEKLY



THREE OF A KIND in easy-care Swiss voile that's fully lined. Simple town dress (left) has scalloped, bowed collar and cuffs. Long-sleeved blouse (centre) has deep-frilled collar. Tied high with a self-bow, the terrazzo dress (right) features flowing, cleverly cut legs that form a skirt when you sit and walk. All these are new fashion looks to watch.

BELOW. Three views of a bare-armed dress that's a cinch for swing dancing. In polka-dot voile, this fashion is well above knee-length, has a hip-high tie belt and self-bow above a swirling girdle of handkerchief-point panels that fly and whirl with the rhythm of the dance. This dress is a sensation.





Life is so much more exciting when you are **SLIM!**

And now it is so much easier to become slim—and to stay slim. No need for hard-to-keep, complicated diets; no need for sickly food substitutes; no boring exercises. You eat normal food... and simply take three American Slimming Tablets each day. They reduce your appetite for fattening foods, and also assist your digestive processes to prevent food turning to fat. Nothing could be simpler—or safer.

American Slimming Tablets are obtainable from Chemists, and they cost only 10/6 for 14 days' treatment—9d. a day to be slim!

AMERICAN SLIMMING TABLETS

Is your baby breast fed?



Soon you'll be weaning baby. Most authorities recommend a teat with similar softness to a mother's breast. Only Maw's teats are made by a special 'dipping' process which gives them this unique softness and resilience — allowing baby to control the flow just like natural feeding. Maw's 1-hole teat is in four alternate hole sizes. For baby's 'little' drinks like boiled water and fruit juices — try Maw's Dinky Feeder.

Maw's Ask your family chemist for Maw's nursery supplies.

FACIAL HAIRS Home Treatment

Be rid of unsightly hair growths with the aid of Vanix. Painless and non-injurious to the skin, Vanix penetrates deep into hair tissues, devitalising the hairs so completely that they wither up and fall out.

VANIX

Is only 3/11 from the Pharmacies at: Farmers, Sydney, Gordon, Miranda; all 37 branches of Washington H. Soul Pattinson and Co. Ltd., Sydney and suburbs; Henry Francis Pharmacies, 107 and 309 Collins St., 276 Flinders St.; Myer Emporium, Melbourne; Chadstone, Geelong, Adelaide; Birks-Chemists Ltd., 57 Rundle St., Adelaide; Boans Ltd., Perth.

MAIL ORDERS 10/- (inc. postage) from above or direct from THE VANIX CO., Dept. W.5, Box 38A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

"Lending shop" for clothes

IF any girl has a sister problem as far as clothes are concerned, I have a solution. Until recently my elder sister and I had many arguments over borrowing each other's clothes, but now all is well.

We now have a community money box and two lists. Each list is an inventory of my sister's and my clothes, and beside each article is the price of borrowing it. The sum varies with the size and original cost of the article.

Now if I want to borrow from my sister I place the required sum of money in the box and go happily and well dressed on my way. And vice versa.

The money collected goes toward a record. We have already bought a Beatles EP, and are now well on the way to being able to buy an LP.

It's worth a try, and it also expands your wardrobe to twice its size.—Patti Ferber, Saurer's Valley, W.A.

Space race

OFTEN I wonder about this space race between America and Russia. What they have already achieved is miraculous. But what will be the outcome? I know I'd love to go for a trip in space.

However, these experiments are costing millions and millions of pounds, and this money could be helping old people, sick people, and could be building universities, schools, and homes, among other things.

I hope they succeed in making a space station and taking people for trips in space. But I also hope that they remember the needs of the living beings on earth.—"Space Wonderer," St. Arnaud, Vic.

Teachers' dress

A READER wrote that if teachers dressed better they would be given more respect. Does she realise that clothes cost money and that teachers have only a limited sum to spend on clothes? They do not wear uniforms, like many office workers, and teaching is remarkably hard on clothes.

Nobody wants to wear the same clothes at weekends and at night as he wears to work. This may be why some teachers wear more serviceable clothes to school and keep their other clothes for wearing in their out-of-school hours.

Do we respect people because they wear interesting, glamorous clothes? I think we should show respect to any person we come in contact with, disregarding whether his taste in clothes offends us.

Respect should not be based on clothes, which only cover our body, but on character, which never changes with the fashions.—P. Webster, New Town, Tas.

Raising funds

I HAVE often read of the different ways in which students raise funds for their schools, and perhaps others would be interested in a couple of our money-raising ideas.

On the day of the passing-out parade of our cadets, each form organises its own stall. Naturally, the most interesting ideas attract the crowd, and there is keen competition to see which raises the most money.

Food and drink stalls always do well, and these ideas may be a help to other

workers: a Tahitian Room, decorated with palm leaves and with native girls in attendance selling fruit drinks, or The Cellar, typical folksy atmosphere and coffee to drink while listening to current folksongs.—Nerida Smith, Holland Park, Qld.



Terrible tasks

HERE is an idea for any teenagers who are lazy and are always seeking the easy way out. Every day discipline yourself to do at least four jobs which you simply detest doing.

Teen rights

● Four teenagers give their opinions on their rights to vote.

EXCEPT for a minority, teenagers know very little about their country's government, and therefore are not in a position to know which government would be best.

I am a teenager, too, and I prefer to wait until I am 21 before I vote. By then I hope to know more about the world, and to make

wise decisions.—T. Polios, Mount Gambier, S.A.

TEENAGERS should be able to vote when they turn 18. Not only because they are taxpayers but also because most teenagers are more interested in the government of the country than a lot of adults.

I don't think it should be compulsory, however, as

some wouldn't have a clue as to what's going on in Australia or what they want.—E. Williams, Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

TAKING a poll of my own, I asked 60 teenagers (average age 18) to name their local member of parliament and the leaders of political parties in our State. Only ten knew the answer to the first question, and 12 the answers to the second. It made me wonder what would happen if people like the other 40 were allowed to vote.—Diane Wallace, Frankston, Vic.

IN class discussions all the girls at our school show their contempt for the existing prejudices, the hatred, wars, racial discrimination, and all other evils in this corrupt world of ours.

And yet, fully realising the wrongs of the world, we have no means of voicing our protests. Not till we are older and accustomed to it all do we have a vote. By then we will passively accept the situation, too worried about a safe future for ourselves, and our youthful ideals almost lost.—Renate Karst, South Caulfield, Vic.

PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY



Leg-ometrics

• Now that Courreges has raised the hemline, girls must look to their knees again. Legs are spotlighted, and they should be shapely.

FIGURE experts say that Leg-ometrics is the way to make your legs attractive, and keep them so.

The idea is adapted from isometrics, which were first used as toning-up exercises by the U.S. Navy.

All you do is brace yourself against an immovable object — and push. It can be the office desk, the kitchen sink, the wall or the floor.

Many people claim to have lost as much as a

stone in weight as well while doing the exercises, but without sacrificing so much as one potato.

At first do only about five slow strong pushes at a time with each leg. Gradually increase to about 20.

Do the exercise a few different ways so that all the leg muscles are put to work.



ABOVE: With hands flat push up and away from the floor.



LEFT: Brace the back against a wall and push forward, while pulling back on one knee.

RIGHT: Push with hand and leg braced on wall. Repeat other side.

Beauty in brief

IF YOUR HAIR HAS NATURAL CURL . . .

. . . you should not have to pin it up nightly to have it hold its shape.

ACTUALLY, brushwork — the right kind — will do more to keep your hair the way it was set. Watch how your hairdresser uses his brush to shape your locks into its new styling, and copy his technique.

At night, a wide ribbon or a length of nylon tulle wrapped around your head, or a net or fine cap, will keep your hairdo from going too far astray while you sleep.

For times when you feel it does need a reviving pin-up, be careful how you do it. Done the wrong way, those curls can do your hairdo more harm than good.

First, brush your hair vigorously, then carefully, following the style of your hairdo. Then pin your hair as your hairdresser does — winding smoothly, tucking ends in carefully, and making certain that the curls are wound in the right direction.

A three-way mirror is a big help in getting the back part right. Over the set draw a net or cap for the night, to prevent any slipping pins and the consequent straggly curls that appear when an end works loose from its pinnings.

Next morning, after the brush-out, your hairdo should be revived, its style as pretty as when it was first done.

— CAROLYN EARLE



ABOVE: Shaping up can be fun if there are a few of you.

Which is whose?



GIRLS have stolen boys' clothing ideas for a long time, and they borrow their jumpers and shirts without anyone thinking it's strange. But this will soon stop, it seems. Because their clothes will be exactly the same!

For example, the beach outfits worn, above, by London model Beau Brummel and Brighton beauty queen Nicky Bradley are identical in design.

The jacket is in tough cotton twill, zip-fastened, and worn with lace-tied shorts. The only difference between the two outfits is the size.

Beau Brummel's hairstyle carries the equality of the sexes still further — in appearance at least.

Could it be that before long both sexes will be wearing identical pants suits by Courreges?

A new look . . .

• English designers are attempting to brighten up the previously dark and dreary schoolwear. They suggest the bermuda pants outfit in the picture at right for the classroom, and the topper over shorts for gym. The fabric is terylene, in clear, bright colors.



. . . in school uniforms

• The headmistress of an English school allowed the prefects to design the school's new uniform. The girls came up with this royal-blue shift with an Eton collar (left). The students say they are much happier and more confident — and some are even wearing their uniforms on dates!

A NEW NOTE IN OLD NAMES

ROUND ROBIN

• The name — Zak — given by Beatle Ringo to his baby son has caused a lot of interest.

RINGO reckons he picked the name so it couldn't be shortened.

Deeper thinkers have figured out that in Czechoslovakian the name means "scholar."

Spell it "zac," of course, and you have a word that means sixpence in Australia.

This last aspect made me think of people's names that add up to money.

Penny and Bob are two that spring to mind.

What happens to these people when Australia changes over to decimal currency?

Does every Penny become a Cent, and a Bob become Ten Cents?

And, if Britain goes decimal, does little Zak become Five Cents?

Bearers of these names will probably become guinea — sorry, two dollars and ten cents — pigs.

Yes, when decimal day comes round, for a person with a money name it truly will be a case of uneasy rests the head that wears the crown. Even the half-crown.

I ALSO see that young lovers in Cairo, Egypt, want a special public garden where they can kiss without being arrested.

Kissing in public is outlawed in Egypt.

Perhaps this is because Egyptian mummies are notoriously set in their ways.

Or, the current kissing ban may be a reaction to Egypt's history, which suggests the country was a very romantic place.

Millions of men worked on the pyramids — surely the biggest eternal triangles.

And, as Mark Antony found out, girls like Cleopatra could be pretty dangerous.

You gave 'em a clinch and they took a Nile.

— Robin Adair

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

She's speechless

"RECENTLY I walked home from a dance with a very nice boy, whom I like very much. The trouble is that the next day, when I saw him again, our eyes met, but I couldn't smile or talk to him. This seems very strange because before, when we were not anywhere near liking each other I was able to talk and joke with him. Why can't I talk to him so easily now? I don't want him to think I'm a snob."

"Susie," N.S.W.

Talking isn't the only way of communicating with someone. Your eyes, especially if you are in love, will say just as much. Don't say things just for the sake of saying them — you'll probably just sound

foolish. Much better to stay silent and starry-eyed. As long as you don't avoid him, too, he won't think you're a snob, and you'll gradually find your tongue again.

Holding hands

"I AM a girl of 14 and I am very much in love with my boyfriend and he is very much in love with me. My mother won't let me have a boyfriend, so I don't know how I can tell her. You see, this lady has seen me holding hands with him, and she is quite a chatterbox. I am positive she has told my mother. My mother has not said anything about it yet, but I am waiting for the day when she will. How can I explain it to her?"

"Chatterbox," Vic.

If your mother has been told she would have said something before now, unless she was waiting for one of two things. She is either waiting for you to tell her yourself, or watching to see how you manage having a boyfriend. I think you should tell her that you have met a boy you like very much, and that you would like to ask him home to meet her. If she forbids you to see him you will have to do as she says.

He's stalling

"MY boyfriend has often spoken of marriage and how much he loves me and would love to be married to me. I have not tried to sway his decision at all, except for telling him that I love him very much, too. My problem is that although he speaks of becoming engaged a lot he always says, 'But I want to tour the world and I'm not any good for you, anyway.' He has quite often asked me why I love him, and I can only tell him it's because of his personality and kindness. Can you help me?"

"Perplexed," W.A.

You'll just have to be patient until he makes up his mind. Although the idea of marrying you obviously appeals to him there is still a great jump from liking the idea to actually becoming engaged. I think he says those things because he likes you a lot but also likes the idea of travelling before he settles down. He is constantly questioning the quality of your relationship in an effort to make up his mind.

Make-up at 14

"I AM a 14-year-old girl who does not know anything about make-up. I have been wearing lipstick for a couple of years, but that is as far as it goes. Most of my friends wear make-up, and when I'm with them I tend to feel like a little girl. Please tell me what sort of make-up, and how much, is suitable for a girl of my age?"

"Bobbie," Vic.

You ARE a young girl, and I think that, for a couple of years, a little lipstick is as far as it should go.

Embarrassing Mum

"WE are twin girls of 16½ and we have a terrible problem. Our mother embarrasses us by being extremely rude to our boyfriends. Our boyfriends are Italian and she often tells them that they should go back to where they came from. We don't think this is right. Should we discontinue the friendships or accept our mother the way she is?"

"Worried Twins," Vic.

All you can do is to ask your mother to judge the boys for themselves, not their nationality. If she has other well-founded reasons for not liking them, you might do well to listen and take note.

Persistent boy

"THIS is the third time this boy has come back to go out with me. I have dropped him twice before. I like him very much, but as I am only 16 I would like to go out with other boys. But if I do this boy said he would never speak to me again. My parents don't want me to go steady just yet, and I understand them. What should I do?"

"Problem," N.S.W.

You've dropped him twice before, so why not do it again? Third time should prove you mean what you say. If he really likes you, he'll still be your friend, and he'll ask you out again.

PUT A TIGER IN YOUR TANK!



NEW POWER-FORMULA ESSO EXTRA PETROL BOOSTS POWER THREE WAYS:

1 Cleaning Power! Dirt can clog even a new carburettor in a few months of normal operation — causing hard starting and rough idling. Your very first tankful of New Esso Extra will start to clear away these deposits — in new engines or old — to improve power and mileage.

2 Firing Power! Spark plug and cylinder deposits can cause misfiring, pre-ignition and hot spots. New Esso Extra neutralizes these harmful deposits — to help your engine fire smoothly, to help preserve the power of new cars and restore lost power to many older cars.

3 Extra Power! Power-formula Esso gives you the energy that most cars now need for full, smooth performance without knocking. You'll get all these extras with New Power-formula Esso Extra PETROL—it puts a tiger in your tank!

Happy Motoring!

ESSO

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE takes the stranger, whose name he learns is Opolo, to his native land to find it three miles under ice. Opolo begins to tell his story. NOW READ ON...



BUTTERICK PATTERNS



3501.—Cool, semi-fitted sleeveless dress with large sailor collar and dicky, ribbon bow. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.

3064.—Slightly A-flared dress with cap sleeves and curved Peter Pan collar with ribbon tie bow. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- inc. postage.

3135.—Short-sleeved dress with empire waistline in front, lowering in back, A-line skirt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

3551.—Attractive dress with fitted bodice and 4-gore, flared skirt, contrast binding trim, and tie belt. Cut in large size range, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44in. bust. Price 6/6 inc. postage.

3519.—Sleeveless pleated dress with self-bound neck and armholes, attached self-tie ends at side pleats. Sizes 2 to 8 (21, 22, 23, 23½, 24, 26in. chest). Price 5/- includes postage.

3067.—Useful casual button-through dress, semi-fitted, sleeveless (below), a cool "slip-on" in the house. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

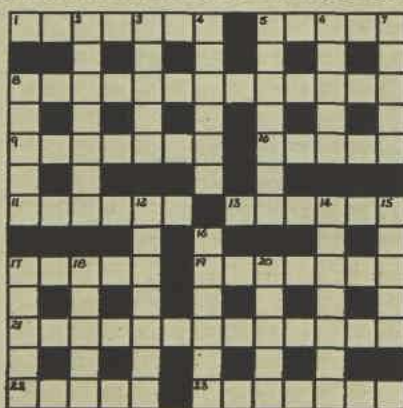
ACROSS

1. Loader's severe trials (7).
5. Monarch's head-covering of gold, etc. (5).
8. Seasonings in cloth of speckled appearance (6-3-4).
9. Set upright (7).
10. Receptacles (5).
11. Sacred beetle has wound mark with a sailor (6).
13. Long as an advertising catch phrase (6).
17. Woman's name ending in a song (5).
19. This masterpiece of painting rings a bell (7).
21. Non-mythological winged messenger (7-6).
22. French city on the Rhone (5).
23. Purifier who can leer (7).



Solution of last week's crossword.

2. Order of insects to which flies belong could be pied rat (7).
3. Completely skilled and can be taped (5).
4. Shy and partly beer (6).
5. A supplement to a will (7).
6. No friends are precious stones (5).
7. Set on turned distinguishing marks (5).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

8. Demand immediate action (5).
12. A biblical liar (7).
14. Long ale (anagr., 7).
15. First month of the Jewish ecclesiastical calendar (5).
16. Manufactured cloth (6).
17. One of the holy cities of the world (5).
18. Of the country, and the end is from Russia (5).
20. Soil deeply (5).

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W.
(N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME _____	DESIGN _____	SIZE _____
ADDRESS _____		



Where do they all go to...?

Only a mother knows how fast a family can finish a packet of Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits. So she buys plenty. For her morning cup of tea. For school lunches (children love them with butter). For Dad's supper.

All over Australia, families enjoy nourishing Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits.

There is no Substitute for Quality